"DIE DIELE" By Anne Warner

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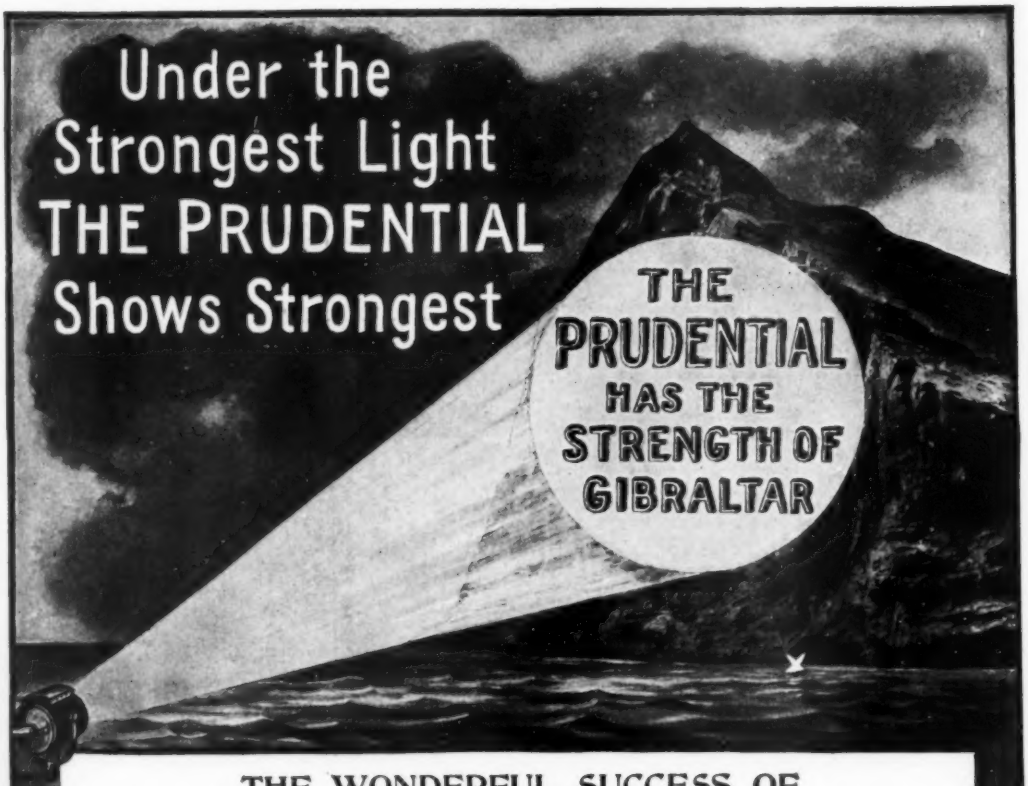

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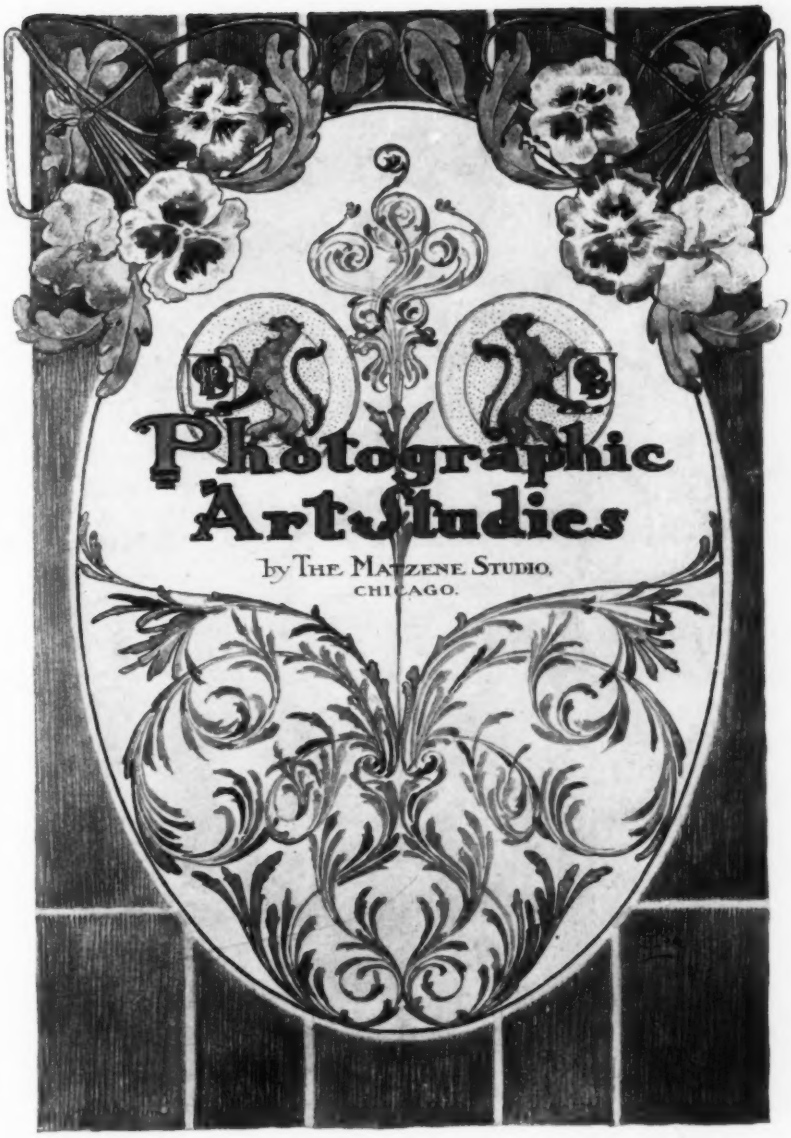
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DRAWN BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

"Recklessly they plunged into the sea."

"Ohlson of the Mariposa;" see page 586

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THE RED BOOK
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Ohlson of the Mariposa

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Afloat a man, ashore a brute—with apologies to the latter! Bad whiskey did it. Good will bring about the same result under favorable conditions, also. These brief sentences epitomize the character, the career, and the cause of ruin of many a deep-water sailor.

Ohlson was no exception to the rule. On the other hand he exemplified it absolutely, for he was as conspicuous an illustration of the difference between Jack on land and Jack of the sea as could be well imagined. Everybody liked Ohlson, universal popularity being the ally of whisky in bringing about his ruin; for in port he was "base, common, and popular," as Ancient Pistol would have phrased it. On the deep, after he had sobered up, there was not a nicer hand at the wheel, a surer foot aloft, a stronger arm on the halliards, a keener instinct for the right course in a crisis, than those that were backed by Ohlson's soul. He had a soul at sea, and to jest, it was generally at sea on land.

Ohlson was a Dane. He had been brought to this country when a little baby. Almost as soon as he had been weaned, following the Viking blood handed down through thousands of years, he had gone to sea. What he had learned he had learned in the rough school of the forecastle. The finishing touches to his education, his introduction to the ineffable baseness of life, had been obtained in the purlieus of the harbor fronts wherever his vessel swung in beside a dock. He had drifted from ship to ship, from ocean to ocean, from port to port, like any other homeless sea tramp for whom nobody cares, until chance, in the person of a sailors' boarding house master, put him, drunk and unconscious, on the decks of the *Mariposa*.

A clenched hand with a belaying pin in it, or a heavy-booted, brutal foot, should be the crest of the ordinary merchant captain. For these are the symbols of his authority and by them he maintains order; sometimes at the cost of life to him upon whom the experiment is tried, more often at the expense of a broken spirit ground to atoms, rags and tatters of a man, under ruthless coercion *à la* Wolf Larson—which is worse. That Ohlson was not yet dead or broken spoke something of his mettle.

The captain, Ezekiel Small, of the full rigged ship *Mariposa*, was an exception to the general gender of skippers. He was one of those who are supposed to prove rules by dissent. It takes an exception to manage an exception and Ezekiel Small, a quaint, God-fearing New Englander, discovered something more than an efficient machine in Hans Ohlson. In some strenuous hour the captain caught a glimpse of the spark divine in the Dane. Small, who was great by nature if not by name, treated his crews with decency, and he made his mates conform to his standards so far as he could; which meant that his ship, instead of being a floating hell, was more like a floating sweatshop. A large part of that was due to nature, however, and the parsimony of owners.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that visit the great waters, have equal opportunities for seeing the littleness of

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man and the majesty of God. Both cause them to labor desperately. Badly victualled, ill found, inefficiently officered, undermanned ships, and storm and tempest, they must face and conquer. Unceasing toil, unceasing vigilance, these, with such rude skill as the marine possesses, alone can bring him to the haven where he would be. There is nothing easy about it. Hardships and work; yet men there be who love the life.

The successive crews of the *Mariposa*, for she had just as many as any other ship, looked upon their captain's humanity with a species of pity and contempt, as an evidence of weakness. They might congratulate themselves upon a comparative freedom from the boot and the belaying pin and decent treatment from one port to another; the experience was novel but it would hardly last long enough profoundly to impress them, for when the voyage was over they deserted, allured by the pleasures, so called, of the shore, just as if the treatment that had been meted out to them was that to which they had been accustomed and what they expected to receive. They were, indeed, lost without it. As one ancient sea dog expressed it, "It don't seem nacher'l not to git knocked down with a belayin' pin er a marlin spike once in a v'yage by the mate, an' never to hear no cussin' from the cap'n."

Some battered old sea prophets, steeped in the superstition of wind and wave, declared it to be so unnatural that the *Mariposa* was bound to come to some bad end before the time came for laying her up in ordinary, which was a safe enough prediction for any tramp sailing vessel, to be sure.

So far as Ohlson could remember, no one had ever treated him any better than a dog, prime seaman though he was, on any of his cruises. Indeed, the comparison is not fair—to the dog! Dogs cost money and are valued accordingly. They have to be paid for, and no man would treat a dog the way the average sailor was treated. There was something fine in Ohlson's soul which had not been beaten to the cringing point on bloody decks, or rotted to the decaying point in taverns and the like on welcoming but inhospitable shores. He responded to the first touch of kindness he had met with—the fidelity of a dog.

Chance brought him back to the *Mariposa* when she sailed again, after he had deserted her at the close of the first cruise on her. He thus had a better opportunity than the others to realize her advantage in the personality of her captain in a second cruise. After the third cruise he took precaution before he went on shore to debauch, to arrange with the boarding master, who promoted and furthered the said orgy—finding disgraceful and unclean livelihood in the practice—that he should be put back on the *Mariposa* before she sailed, whatever his condition. Thereafter, that became his regular practice. However drunken he might be, to whatsoever straights he had been reduced on shore, when the *Mariposa* got into the deep water he was sure to be aboard.

Captain Ezekiel Small was a religious man. He treated his men right as a matter of principle, not feeling any particular regard for any individual, no matter how much he thought it his duty to try. He was never with them long enough to see far into their good qualities, either, but with Ohlson it was different. After two or three voyages the captain began to take a deep interest in the man. There was everything to attract a person to him on shipboard. He was alert, resourceful, obedient, clear-headed, cheerful, and strong; it was a marvel how quickly he recuperated in the bracing air of the salt sea.

Captain Small thought it a great pity that Ohlson could not preserve more of his manhood on shore. He tried him with such religion as he could muster, and made some little progress. Ohlson accompanied his captain to meetings in the various sailors' Bethels in different ports, as occasion served, and so long as his captain kept an eye on him he remained sober. Let him escape and the result was another physical and mental collapse. The habit was too deeply ingrained for such spiritual influence as the captain could impart to uproot. Then the old sailor invoked the aid of woman. Love and Law—the Law of

DRAWN BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

"Drunk and unconscious on the decks of the *Mariposa*."

God, religion that is—they together might succeed where one had failed.

The captain lived, when he was at home, with his widowed sister. He was well enough off in this world's goods and he provided for her comfortably. She enjoyed the services of a maid, perhaps as much for company as for anything else. Arrived in New York, after one long ocean tramp, the captain took Ohlson up to his sister's home and introduced him to Hilma Svensen, the domestic aforementioned. Ohlson had faced every catastrophe which on the one hand may bring disaster, on the other awaken the man, except woman.

O, mistake not, he had met women—God save the mark—in plenty, but never before, since he lay upon his mother's breast; and that was so long ago that he could not remember, had he come in contact with a sweet, pure, innocent girl. This seems strange, but such is the usual fortune, or misfortune, of the homeless, friendless, deep-water sailor. The result was natural and inevitable. Ohlson fell deeply in love with Hilma. A new intoxication possessed his soul; a harmless one, yet like the other and more familiar species, one not without its pain, as it was not without its pleasure. For the first time in his life, when the *Mariposa* sailed he was not lying a drunken, huddled, senseless heap in the forecastle, for he had been with Hilma practically the whole period of his stay in port.

The *Mariposa* sailed in and out of New York, taking freight for whatsoever point she could get it; sometimes gone for a long time, but always coming back to Manhattan. It would be too much to expect Ohlson to stop drinking and carousing at once. There were many lapses in foreign ports, but in the main there was a steady upward progression. As his love grew deeper his strength increased. He lived cleaner; and by and by he found courage to declare his passion.

While Hilma was a servant to the captain's sister, as has been said, she was something of a companion as well, and Mrs. Watkins felt responsible for her future. Ohlson's suit was therefore referred to Captain Small and his sister. Hilma reciprocated Ohlson's feelings in a measure. She loved, or thought she did, the big, powerful Dane. She was proud of his prowess, his skill, his daring, but she was firmly resolved never to marry a drunkard. She was backed in this resolution by the captain and his sister. Ohlson was put upon probation.

If for one year he could keep strictly sober, an engagement might be entered upon; after another year under the same conditions, they could be married. Meanwhile, the captain would teach him such rule-of-thumb navigation as would serve, and he might thus get a mate's certificate; perhaps, eventually a master's. Religion, for the captain never relaxed his efforts in that direction, love, and ambition, what will they not do even for the meanest? And Ohlson had qualities which might have put him among the best.

It was a desperate battle. During the year he saw Hilma five different times. No lover's privileges were enjoyed by him during his probation period. He loved her, as it were, from afar; even when he sat as close to her in Mrs. Watkin's kitchen as she would allow him to get, Hilma would admit of no familiarity. There would be time enough for that later, she said sagely. In the meantime, Ohlson must keep sober. That was the main thing. He saw his sweetheart for the last time during the year, or so it was supposed, in September. The *Mariposa* had a long cruise ahead of her. The captain calculated that they would not return to New York until the middle of January. Then, if Ohlson still stood the test, the first step in his conquest, not only of himself but of Hilma, would have been gained.

Everything favored the *Mariposa* on that voyage. She actually got back to New York the day before Christmas. Unlucky circumstance for Ohlson! The captain was ill and unable to leave his ship. Another misfortune for the big Dane! He sent Ohlson across the river to the little house in Brooklyn to tell his sister and Hilma of his condition. When Ohlson reached the place he found it closed. No Mrs. Watkins, no Hilma! Last breaking straw of calamity!

He stood disconsolate outside wonder-

ing what he should do, when a neighbor saw him, recognized him, and acquainted him with the disappointing news that Mrs. Watkins and Hilma, not expecting the captain or himself for three weeks, had gone away to spend Christmas with relatives somewhere up in New England.

The disappointed Ohlson returned to the ship, told the captain the news, and was sent ashore again with a telegram. The captain guessed where they were and he wanted them back. It was too bad that he could not go ashore with the Dane, but it was impossible. Nor did the necessity occur to him; it would not have done so had he been in his usual health. In common with everybody else he looked upon Ohlson as a redeemed man.

But this poor sailor, alone on shore on Christmas eve, a wet, cold nasty night, with no place to go, no Hilma in the little house, no shipmates on the *Mariposa*, for the captain was alone on the ship with his faithful old servant who never deserted him, met some drunken roysterers, fellow voyagers of some former cruises. They persuaded him to enter a saloon, unwitting of the damage that would ensue. It is an old, a common, a sordid, wretched story.

Mrs. Watkins and Hilma returned to Brooklyn, rather to the *Mariposa*, post haste, and found the captain but no Ohlson. The day his vessel sailed his old friend the boarding master, pitched a sodden log of humanity aboard. Oh, the agony, the shame of Ohlson! The sorrow and reproach of the captain! The last was bad enough; it was nothing to the scorn, the contempt, of Hilma when he set foot in New York again. She would not forgive, she would not even condone, the lapse. Ohlson was a drunkard, without strength, without will! She would have none of him, none of him! Let him leave her and show that he was a man. Yes, by waiting two years, per-

DRAWN BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

"She drove him from her at last." See page 584

haps three, without falling again. She might, if no one else came after her in the meantime, look upon him then. He pleaded with her as men plead for their souls. Unequal to the opportunity she failed him. Yet who could blame her? She drove him from her at last with the result that was to be expected.

When he came to himself again on the familiar decks of the *Mariposa* the situation had changed radically. In the cruise preceding he had been filled with shame, remorse, but being human he clung to hope. Now there was nothing before him, absolutely nothing. He was the unpardonable sinner. The blessed reticence of the gospel about that was broken. He went about his duties a very tower of melancholy, self-disgust, and hatred. He despised himself, and in himself his fellow-men. Hilma was right. He was a dog, not a man. Not worthy of her love, of the love of any woman! How far his soul had been awakened was seen by these thoughts, for none like them had ever come to him before. He repented, oh, how bitterly; but he did not realize, and such is the common error of the sorry, that repentance and expiation are entirely different propositions. He was hopeless. His love for Hilma had been as a sheet anchor. To it had been attached his religion and his ambition. When the cable that bound him to her gave way he drifted rapidly toward the lee shores of absolute and utter wreck.

The fell prophecies of those who had dreamed evil for the *Mariposa*, because her captain was so unnaturally respectable, bade fair for realization on this cruise. She was loaded with naphtha and phosphates. Five days out from New York, after straining against a succession of hard gales, she ran into a terrific storm. Every sail that was put up was whipped to shreds from the belt ropes or torn from the stays. Heavy seas rushed over her from stem to stern. The boats at the davits and amidships were stove in and battered to pieces. Ventilators were crumpled up and torn away as if they had been made of paste board. She had a poop deck and a top-gallant fore-castle. The after castle was beaten in and gutted by the waves. The cook's galley was smashed and carried aft as if it had been shaved away. Bulwarks were stove in and only life lines enabled the crew to move about.

The masts held, but otherwise she was as clean fore and aft as if a gigantic jack plane had been run over her. They had at last got a storm mizzen on her that held and she lay hove to under that rag of sail. She was heavily loaded and had shipped tons of water. To keep from foundering, all the openings fore and aft, including the holes where the ventilators had stood, were covered with tarpaulins, the hatches were battered and she was made practically airtight. There was danger in this. The captain realized it but was presented with a choice of two evils. He knew that unless he did, so to speak, seal up his ship, she would founder under his feet; the other danger was as yet only a possibility, perhaps better a probability, but it was not a certainty.

Having done all this damage the hurricane began to abate somewhat, although the sea was still running tremendously high and the old *Mariposa* was being tossed around like a cork. A dozen of her men were sent into their oft-flooded quarters in the forepeak to get what rest they could, while the captain and the mate—the second officer had been washed overboard earlier in the desperate game and lost—the cabin boy, three of the hardiest sailors, and Ohlson remained on watch to look after the ship.

The tremenduous shaking up of the *Mariposa* had caused her cargo, although skillfully packed, to work loose. The barrels of naphtha, allowed freedom of play, crashed into each other; some of them leaked; it is possible some of them were stove in and the hold flooded. This, of course is only surmise. What happened is actual enough. The exposed naphtha generated gases. There was no escape for the fumes from the airtight ship. The *Mariposa* was a floating torpedo waiting the igniting spark. How that came no one will ever know. Come it did, for with a roar like the eruption of a volcano the forepart of the ship was blown up.

The foremast was hurled into the air like a skyrocket. It had been weakened by the tremendous pitching, but if it had been stayed for the ages it would have gone just the same. The twelve men in the forecastle were blown into eternity in the twinkling of an eye. Some of the startled observers thought they heard screams out of the torrent of fire blasted up into the heavens before them. Then they were thrown violently to the deck by the force of the concussion. For a moment it seemed to still the storm. For an instant the mainmast stood. There was a second explosion, so closely consequent upon the first as practically to be the same. Less violent it was, yet sufficiently strong to throw the main mast over the side, clear of the ship.

Captain Small was a prudent and thoughtful seaman. He had realized that his masts were in a weakened state and had provided for their going by the board. He had taken a hawser around the lanyards of the lower mainmast rigging to leeward, bending the hauling part to the mast. This hawser was carried through a chock on the weather quarter and had been well belayed to bitts inboard. The immense mass of the mainmast thus secured, acted as a drag on the ship. The storm mizzen sheet luckily carried away at the same time. The wind spread the sail to its limit. The tendency for a moment was for the *Mariposa* to pay off. Before she could do so, however, back upon the devoted band aft the furious gale swept a torrent of flame.

Ohlson was the first to recover himself. He sprang to the helm in spite of the sweeping fire and put it up, hard up. Ship and mainmast fastened together by the hawser both drifted before the wind, but the drift of the ship was faster than that of the mast. The great mass of timber worked toward the weather quarter. Under influence of drag, helm, and sail, Ohlson at last got the *Mariposa* before the wind. The hawser was cut and the wave of fire which had been sweeping aft blew out far ahead of them; Luck, men call it, but Providence doing its share, Ohlson's quick appreciation of the situation had saved the lives of the survivors on that devoted ship.

The whole forward part of the vessel was roaring like a furnace, but the wind was carrying the flames away from the poop deck, and while, of course, the destruction of the ship was rapidly proceeding, yet no gale was driving the wager-catching blaze down upon them. So long as the *Mariposa* could be kept before the wind their danger would only be when she began to burn beneath their feet. Should they lose control of her, should she broach to, come head to the wind, the fire, increasing with terrific rapidity, would burn them to a crisp in an instant.

At best they had but a frightfully short time to live. There were seven persons aft. Of those seven one was a boy. He could not swim. Of the others the mate had both hands so badly bruised by being thrown against the wreck of the galley during the storm of the day before, that he had lost all use of them. The captain had a broken arm. There wasn't a boat left at the davits, there wasn't a loose piece of timber out of which to make a raft. There were but two life belts. One was given to the mate, the other handed to the captain. When he learned that the cabin boy could not swim he insisted that he take it, saying that he could manage to get along even with only one arm. It would not be long for no one could keep afloat in that terrific sea for any extended period of time.

The day had been gray and overcast. They had not noticed the approach of another ship until they were ready to go overboard in despair. A big iron steamer which had seen the fire—most dreaded and appalling of catastrophies at sea—had raced rapidly toward them. She was close at hand and coming fast. But try as she would they feared she would not be in time. The deck was now so hot beneath their feet that it was only by constant motion that they could remain upon it. In another moment they must abandon the *Mariposa*. They had choice of the fires of hell or the deep sea.

Ohlson was still at the wheel. It was a difficult, a tremendous task, to keep that blazing hulk before the wind, but his skill was equal to it and his courage and strength were on a par with his skill. Strange emotions swept through his great

DRAWN BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

"'I can't leave the wheel,' said the man."

breast as he stood at his post. He had been a drunken dog; love, God, and ambition, these had been unable to make him rise superior to the brute within him! And Hilma drove him from her with reproaches, so cutting and so well deserved —he thought of her at that dreadful time. She would have none of him, she had told him. He could never achieve her. The conditions she had laid upon him were impossible. The habits of twenty years are not to be broken up sometimes without the breaking of the man.

Well, he would break and die in the breaking, but thank God, whoever looked upon him now would know that he died like a man. Nearer and nearer crept the flames. The heat crisped and blackened his blonde beard. The skin on his hands, those hard, horny hands of toil and service, almost as impervious as the hide of an elephant, blistered and cracked and burst. The tough skin of his weather-beaten face absorbed the awful heat as if he had been a child. Sparks flew about him. Trickles of flame crept through the seams of the deck at his feet. Licking tongues of fire reached for him greedily. On the poop behind him the men were calling frantically to him.

"Ohlson!" cried the captain, "come away! There's a ship yonder. We're going overboard!"

"I can't leave the wheel," said the man.

He knew that if he took his hands off the wheel the hulk of the *Mariposa* would be whirled around and in all probability those who might escape from her to battle desperately in the heavy seas for a little space would be overwhelmed even in the water. To keep her as she was was their only chance.

"You will be burned to death!" shouted the captain, his voice coming shrilly to the man above the deep roar of the fire. Ohlson shook his head.

"I stay here."

"For God's sake—"

"You tell Hilma," gasped out Ohlson, hoarsely, "I held the wheel like—a man!"

He could say no more lest he inhale the flame; he was burning, choking, dying. Yet the grasp of the great hands on the spokes never relaxed. Ready he stood and steady.

"Come away, captain," cried one of the sailors on the poop deck, "or it will be too late."

His shipmates dragged the brave old sailor aft with them in spite of struggles and protests. Recklessly they plunged into the sea. The instinct of life strengthened them. The cool water for the moment was a welcome change from the withering heat. The captain struck out bravely despite his broken and injured arm. A sailor, one whom any captain might have knocked senseless the day before with a marlin spike, a sailor, one who would cheerfully have stabbed such a captain without a compunction of conscience if he had had opportunity to do so undetected, strove to assist the captain just as he would have striven to assist a marlin spike officer.

The wind drove the *Mariposa* clear of them. She went slowly but the steamer came up quickly. As they rose and fell in the great seas they could see a life boat being lowered. They groaned in despair as it was dashed to pieces against her side by the wanton waves, but the captain of the steamer was a sailor, too. He skillfully ran his vessel close by the bobbing figures. Ropes were thrown, eager hands grasped them; the boy, the captain and the three sailors were hauled aboard. The mate with the useless hands could not reach the ropes. Yet they saved him, also. The vessel ran close to him on a desperate chance. It was all that could be done, and as she heeled toward him a lucky wave lifted him high. A sailor leaning far over the rail, caught him and hauled him on board.

For a few moments the rescued lay on the decks of the steamer, faint, sick, exhausted. Then Captain Small staggered to his feet and lurched to the rail. Clasping it with his uninjured hand he stared across the angry sea toward his own lost ship. The swiftly moving steamer had drawn abreast of her now. The *Mariposa* was still before the wind. She was plainly visible from the deck of the steamer, although the captain thereof had already put up the helm to get away from his dangerous neighbor. Captain Small noticed how steadily the *Mariposa* kept her course. He looked to the break of the poop where the wheel was. He saw a rigid, black figure there leaning forward, immobile over the wheel. No human being could live in that inferno of fire. It was the body of Ohlson—dead. In death he had fallen in such a position that he still held the vessel on her course. Like the Vikings of old, whose blood ran in his veins, he had conquered, and was going out to sea on his last wild cruise in a ship of flame. The mass of wood and iron and cordage was obedient even to the dead hand of immortal man.

The last act of the drama came swiftly. There was another terrific roar. Another blinding flash of flame and smoke, and the great ocean rolled on as it had rolled on for centuries, but no longer vexed by the puny keel of the *Mariposa*.

Entombed within its vasty deeps was all that was left of Ohlson.

"By God!" said Captain Small, slowly, reverently, for the phrase was not one that fell lightly from his lips, "he was a man!"

When In Rome

BY AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND

Helen Wade leaned back and closed her eyes, hoping thereby to shut out the immediate situation and to let her imagination steal a march on forthcoming events. Tom's letter was certainly a stimulant which would have set in play a more sluggish fancy than hers. She smiled as she recalled some of his enthusiastic expressions. In closing he had said:

> Now, Sis, it's all very different from anything you have ever known, but I can't help feeling that you will like it. It is just the finest country God ever built, and if you do not become swamped in the prosaic hardship, you will agree with that opinion by the time you have been on the ranch a week. If I hadn't entire faith in your ability to follow out the precept, "When in Rome," etc., I wouldn't let you come, for it is even more important, when in New Mexico, to do as New Mexicans.

Helen smiled with sisterly condescension. "Dear old Tom," she murmured, "he doesn't know what stuff his little sister is made of. 'Swamped in the prosaic hardship!' That is not the sort of hardship—" she trailed off musingly. When she opened her eyes and looked out upon the flying landscape there was a troubled expression in them. The look vanished in a moment, however, and she brought herself together with a mental shake. Every revolution of those car wheels was taking her from the "sort of hardship" that had brought the look, and toward the other sort, which she contemplated with satisfaction.

Tom met her as she stepped from the combination passenger and express coach that came to a shamefaced standstill at the end of a long line of empty cattle-cars. She did not at once recognize him, so precisely did he look like a dozen other booted, spurred, wide hatted men on the platform. This was her first lesson in the equality of externals, that foundation stone of the frontier social structure. She tried not to appear surprised, and returned his greeting spontaneously.

As they walked up its single street, Centerfire came forth to sate its curiosity. Not in all the days of its eventful history had such a thing been seen. A beautiful, up-to-date young woman was what Centerfire looked upon from store porch, bar-room door, and adobe threshold. Every man they met in the short walk to the hotel greeted Tom familiarly, and gave Helen a square, all-embracing gaze, neither disrespectful nor diffident. She felt herself less a target for admiration than for wonder.

In the doorway of a frame building, with the characteristic square board front, bearing the legend, "Centerfire Hotel," they paused, as a horseman came precipitately around the corner and stopped with startling suddenness. The rider, with a flapping of leather and a clinking of steel, swung himself to the ground. There was a vigorous grace in the movement that harmonized with the crude beauty in his every outline. Helen watched him with a newly awakened interest in the sheer masculine. He preceded them into the hotel office and was buckling on a long barrelled six-shooter and belt when Tom accosted him jocularly, and presented him to Helen as "Johnny Lowdon." She looked up at the six feet of rugged manhood and felt her sense of the picturesque fully gratified. The wide sombrero, the leather leggins, the colored neck-scarf, the long-shanked spurs, contributed to a harmonious whole which distinctly pleased her. Suddenly he turned a pair of gray eyes full upon her, and showed a set of even, white teeth as he smiled,

"I reckon I'm the first of the kind you ever saw."

She gasped, but managed to reply, "Yes—I—yes, I may say that you are."

"So are you," came the ungarnished response.

When he had mounted his horse and turned toward the open range, Tom looked at her apprehensively. "You will find genuine respect shown you in doubt-

DRAWN BY EMILE NELSON.

"Tom presented him to Helen as Johnny Lowdon."

ful phrase, sometimes. You must learn to discriminate."

"I am in Rome, you know."

And promptly she cleared her mental sanctuary and left the emtpy niches ready for new gods. With her first deep breath of the pine scented air came the consciousness of a fundamental harmony within her, with the bigness, the naturalness, the raw honesty of this frontier life, and she emerged early with vastly clarified ideas respecting the relatively vital and non-essential.

She had been two weeks on the ranch and was feeling an unwonted sense of peace, when one evening Tom's voice from without, startled her.

"Helen, a man out here wants to see you."

"Who is it? Ask him in," she replied without rising.

Tom came to the door with feigned severity. "Look here, Helen, you are not in Boston. You are on a cow-ranch in new Mexico, and when a fellow hollers for you to come out, you want to jump up and trot right along. This particular person can't come in."

Helen rose and stepped wonderingly into the starlit space in front of the ranch house. Her reception was a rush of hoofs and an angry bellow. With a frightened cry she sped indoors.

"He can't get loose; I've got him roped," came a voice in the direction of a rigid black object, which in the uncertain light, looked to her like an equestrian statue. Around the statue, in a circle, capered the smaller thing that had charged her. "What do you want on it?" continued the voice which had something agreeably familiar in the tone.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Lowdon, is it not?" said Helen. "What do I want on him?—on whom?"

A distinct chuckle greeted the question. "On 'him,' I said, but we'll put it on 'whom,' if you say so. It's the prettiest bald-faced maverick that ever waved long ears at me. I thought, perhaps, you'd like to start you a day-herd. What's your brand?"

"That's good of you, I'm sure," said Helen vaguely. "What must I do about it?"

Tom interrupted, "Put him in the corral, Lowdon, and we'll labor with this cultivated Boston intellect. Perhaps we can make it grasp some cow-country facts."

When Lowdon entered the room a few minutes later, he bore the marks of careful grooming. He had left his six-shooter, chaps and spurs hanging on the corral fence. His boots were carefully cleaned. A white silk handkerchief was knotted around his neck. There was not a discordant note in his makeup, and Helen looked upon him approvingly. The impression, that was to continue throughout her acquaintance with him, came strongly to her then, that he was a man who, by virtue of the strength within him, would never find himself ill at ease, nor beneath notice in any, howsoever exalted, company.

"We will now proceed to enlighten the dim Boston understanding," began Tom, shoving a chair at Lowdon. "In the first place, a maverick is an animal that belongs to the public school fund—"

"Or to Miss Helen Wade, if she gets her rope on it first," interrupted Lowdon.

Tom continued unheeding. "Once upon a time our wise and beneficent territorial lawmakers decreed that whosoever should find an unbranded calf old enough to have left its mother, and, therefore, not to be identified by the brand on the cow, that person should proceed with his find to the Cattle Sanitary Board and from that body receive a reward for his honesty. The maverick, meantime, was to be turned over to the public school fund. Now, it has never been made clear what a man is to profit by driving a beast some hundred miles or so, and receiving for it about half of what his time is worth. New Mexico's youth has never been helped far along the paths of enlightenment by the proceeds of these ownerless yearlings. It is obviously simpler for the fellow who finds one to put his brand on it.'

"The Boston understanding grasps the subtle distinction," interposed Helen.

"On the range," pursued Tom, "the matter is operated under the much more reasonable law of probabilities. For instance, a man who owns no cow can not logically claim a big calf; nor the man who owns twenty cows claim more mavericks than the ratio of his herd to the whole number of cattle in the country."

"So the J. Spear Cattle Company, owning more cattle, claim all the mavericks," put in Lowdon.

"Possibly the company's deep distrust of its neighbors—" began Tom.

Lowdon cut him short. "The company's deep distrust of its neighbors is the cause of most of the dishonest mavericking in the country. If the company distrusted the neighbors less, those neighbors might brand a calf for them, now and then, instead of leaving it, in the hopes that it will grow into a maverick, or, at least, into a calf so big that human nature is expected to neck that calf to a sapling and give the cow a shove. Besides, the company breaks a law every time it brands a real maverick; so why should it roar so lustily every time some one brands a

DRAWN BY EMILE NELSON

"She saw him riding slowly toward her."

made-to-order one? Moreover, Bates hasn't quite paid for his dinner yet."

Helen looked up questioningly. Tom laughed. "Tell her about the dinner," he said, and went out.

"I was running the company's upper wagon last year," Lowdon began, settling down to his narrative, "when old Bates came out to inspect the range. He is a big layout back in New York who thinks he can sit in Wall Street and own New Mexico. Owning a place is mighty apt to mean being there! He comes out in a private car, once in a while, and looks over his four-legged cattle and sees the two-legged ones, which draw thirty of his good dollars a month for their services. The only difference he sees between the two kinds is that one represents profits and the other expense, and it is not hard to tell which kind he likes best. He drives to the ranch in a livery rig, tells his manager to cut down running expenses, and drags it for New York again

"I'd only been wagon boss a week when he drove up one day, just as we were eating dinner. I told the horse wrangler to take his team, and asked him to come and have some chuck. He stood looking at the boys sitting crosslegged on the ground, and then he rears back and says, 'I'll eat alone, if you please.' 'All right,' says I, and went back and finished my dinner. Then we all rode out of camp and left him with the cook. He ate 'alone,' but he fired the whole outfit."

Lowdon chuckled at the memory. "I've heard of the five thousand dollar dinners of those eastern dudes, but I'll bet old Bates never ate so costly a meal in his life as that sourdough bread and salt-side he ate 'alone.' Every one of the

punchers there went into the cow business for himself that night and we sure made the company's long eared ones hide out."

"Is the one you brought me tonight one of the company's 'long eared ones?' " Helen asked.

"That's yours," Lowdon replied with finality.

Helen accepted the explanation. She made no rigorous analysis of the ethics involved. There was an engaging honesty about Lowdon's avowal that disarmed any doubts. Then, too, Tom had treated the matter lightly, and she believed Tom was an honest man. Her logic had made concessions to the environment to such a degree that she saw nothing inconsistent in appropriating a man's calves in retaliation for a social slight. Furthermore, although she never ate with her servants at home she heaped upon Mr. Bates unstinted condemnation for refusing to break bread with his servants upon a hillside in New Mexico. It seemed eminently proper that his 'long eared ones' should be made to 'hide out' as a just punishment. At any rate, it was the only redress available.

"I shall promptly put my brand on this maverick," she was saying when Tom interrupted from the doorway, "I'm not so sure of that. It jumped the fence and got away."

As the summer wore on, Helen found Lowdon indispensable. Her association with him was full of a new interest to her. She entered into it with entire freedom, secure in the belief that a man of his estate would not presume to fall in love with her. And he seemed to justify her faith, for he never presumed, by so much as a hair's breadth, upon the liberty she granted him. Of what he had he gave freely. He taught her what he knew of cowboy lore and frontier tradition. He took her to out of the way places, and pointed out wonderful views of rugged mountain and gorgeous color. He opened her eyes to new beauties everywhere about them. He was, in short, the embodiment of what she was seeking in this visit, and he adhered strictly to the impersonal aspect.

The first time they rode together, they happened upon a fresh bear track. She was eager for a chase. "All right," he said "only you will have to ride like a drunken Indian."

She gave him a withering look, to which he retorted, "Very well, come on."

Under the first low branches of the *piñon* trees he bolted without slackening his pace or looking back. She followed close upon his heels. In another moment he was out of sight, and only a cracking of dry branches marked his course. Then that was gone.

Two hours later, looking down from her station on one of the highest points, she saw him riding slowly towards her. His eyes were on the ground and he was whistling. The whistle was the last straw.

"The bear got away," he announced, halting before her. "You missed a good chase."

"Evidently," she replied icily.

He sat looking down upon her gravely and her wrath grew. "What did you suppose had become of me?" she demanded.

"Supposed you was on my trail or on your own back trail home."

"It is quite fortunate that you accidentally ran across me again," she retorted unmollified. "I haven't the least idea where I am."

"You know, I trailed you up." His self-control did not improve her temper. "I'll try to keep in sight till we get back to the ranch," he added with a suspicious gleam in his eye.

They rode homeward in silence. Never had she bestowed her wrath upon a masculine head to so little purpose, and never before had a man won her admiration by refusing to apologize. As he helped her dismount, he said coolly, "I'll bring Redbird for you to ride tomorrow. Redbird is my pet horse."

On the morrow she rode Redbird, and in the days that followed she drank in fuller draughts of the mountain air and made the life more her own. When she gave the subject any thought, she knew that another life awaited her—a life of first nights, a life of afternoon teas, a life of coaching parties, but she felt that it was another self that had dropped and would

DRAWN BY EMILE NELSON

"She turned slightly and looked at the prisoner."

take up again that thread. Her present self was rioting in the "prosiac hardship" of which Tom had warned her. There was in her an affinity for the elemental things of life, and she revelled in the grammarless present. It was so much simpler than facing that other "hardship" which, as time wore on, less frequently brought the troubled look to her eyes.

Late in the summer, almost at the time she had decided she could no longer prolong this visit into Arcady, occured an event which stirred the community to its depths. The J. Spear Cattle Company changed management. The incidental loss item in the monthly reports had roused Mr. Bates to action. The new general manager was a nephew of the old gentleman and a young man of energy, determination, and eastern training. This last fact rendered him very nearly useless in his present capacity. On his arrival, he announced his policy with commendable courage. He would put in the penitentiary every man who tresspassed on the company's rights, and he would, furthermore, see to it that all mavericks on the company's range went to the public school fund. The community wore a pervading smile. A conviction must rest upon the evidence. The new general manager had his hands full.

"The old man's memory is good," Lowdon laughed to Helen soon after the new *regime* was established on the J. Spear ranch. He has told this Fifth Avenue cowpuncher of his to look out for a hard character named John Lowdon. He hasn't forgotten his dinner."

Tom proposed to Helen that they make some social overtures to the newcomer. "It's mere neighborliness in a country like this, and besides," he added, "he would probably be the most congenial person you could meet out here, Helen. I do not recall his name, but he is a Harvard man, and—"

"We would be very uncongenial," Helen interrupted emphatically. "I do not care to meet his Loftiness, who assumes that we are all jailbirds."

"'*We*,' Helen?"

Helen drew in her breath quickly. "I think I'd better be going home," she said.

In front of a high-walled brick building, that rose from the midst of the low abobe houses surrounding it, a little knot of men stood talking excitedly.

"He won't make no defense. It's the blamedest thing I ever seen. There's something to this case we fellers don't *sabe*, but if Santa Fe is what he wants I reckon he'll git it, fer that there prosecuting lawyer has sure got him headed that way." The speaker was a man from the range with the stain of travel upon him. A bell stroke interrupted him and there followed a hurried movement into the building.

The crowd that shuffled into the court room was one typical of a New Mexico county seat during court week. Groups of Mexicans smelling of rank tobacco; an occasional restive eyed man, the ever professional gambler; roughly garbed men from the range; and a few whose whiter skin and neater dress proclaimed a commercial calling.

The judge, recently from Connecticut, and suffering from tuberculosis, sat looking down upon this motley assembly with keen interest. This was Judge Anderson's first opportunity to form an opinion of western society at close range. In Connecticut he had read press accounts of cowboy lawlessness, and of that particular tribe his opinions were definite and, in Connecticut, a personal matter. Now, however, these opinions were become a public consideration and he proposed to put them on record. He believed firmly in the potency of precedent. The case in hand was an eminently fitting one to be used for its establishment.

"The case rests with the defense." The judicial voice was hollow, but it had no uncertain ring.

A young lawyer arose. "Your honor, the first witness has been summoned." He stood looking toward a side door, and as it opened the court room gave an audible gasp of surprise. The judge lost his expression of unassailable calm. The prisoner at the bar became suddenly rigid and sat clutching the arms of his chair, while his eyes followed the first witness with a look unfathomable. One person of all others in the room, however, sat staring as at an apparition, and then

turned about in his chair, beside that of the district attorney, and shaded his face with an unsteady hand.

Helen Wade entered the room in the midst of a profound silence. Every eye kindled as she stood taking the oath. No such vision of loveliness had ever come within the visual range of many a rough man in that audience. The young lawyer addressed her.

"Are you acquainted with the prisoner in this case, Mr. John Lowdon?" he asked abruptly after the first formal questions.

"I am." Her reply was a little tremulous.

"Please identify him."

She turned slightly and looked at the prisoner at the bar. His eyes met hers squarely, with a look in them that made her smile falter as she nodded to him. The courtroom rustled with a wave of responsive emotion and the young fellow in the last bench whispered to his neighbor,

"If she'd land a couple of them little grins on the jedge, she'd about have him locoed so he'd turn the whole court loose."

"Miss Wade, do you know of what this defendant is accused?" continued the young attorney.

"I do, yes, sir."

"Do you know who shot the general manager of the J. Spear Cattle Company?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"You may have the witness for cross examination. We rest." The young lawyer sat down with a triumphant smile.

The man beside the district attorney was whispering excitedly. He had shifted the position of his chair until he now sat with his back turned to the witness and the jury box. The district attorney listened, frowning. Presently the latter arose. "Your honor, there is no cross examination. We rest." He sat down in evident irritation.

The judge looked from one attorney to the other, in perplexity. "This, gentlemen, is a very unusual proceeding," he began. "Under the circumstances the court is justified in asking some questions." He let his gaze rest meditatively upon Helen. "Miss Wade," he said shortly, "will you explain the circumstances of the shooting."

"On the twentieth of last August, the day before I left New Mexico for my

DRAWN BY EMILE NELSON

"I stood in my stirrups and waved my hat at him."

home in Boston, I was riding with Mr. Lowdon. I rode his horse, Redbird. We came upon a bunch of cattle, among which was a maverick. Mr Lowdon had brought this animal to me earlier in the summer but it had gotten away before it was branded. I insisted upon Mr. Lowdon's roping it and branding it, then and there, so that I would have some tangible interest in New Mexico, even after I was in Massachusetts. Just at that moment we saw a horseman riding toward us, whom Mr. Lowdon recognized as the new general-manager of the J. Spear Cattle Company. Mr. Lowdon wished to let the maverick go, saying that it might involve me in some unpleasantness, but I replied, half in jest, "I am still in New Mexico, let me once more do as New Mexicans do," and I rode back to wave the approaching rider around while Mr. Lowdon ran off with the maverick."

"What do I understand you to say that you did?" queried the bench.

"I 'waved him around,' that is, I stood in my stirrups and waved my hat at him."

"What was that for?"

"It is a custom. If he hadn't been a tenderfoot, he would have understood that he was to turn and ride away from there." She made the explanation, conscious of a pervading smile in the jury box.

"Proceed," came the judicial command.

"But he did not understand, so I shot into the ground in front of him, as is the custom. He understood that, for he stopped but did not turn back. So I shot again. At last he went back."

"Why did you wish him to turn back?" The judge was not to be swerved from the line of duty by any grinning jury.

"Because he had made a number of rash statements of what he would do to the first person whom he discovered branding mavericks. Moreover, I thought he needed a lesson in range manners. I knew he would take me for a man at that distance, as I rode astride and wore a big yellow slicker at the time—it was raining—so I thought it would be sport to administer it. I did not know, until last week, that I had hit him in the shoulder when I shot, or that he had recognized the horse I rode and mistook me for Mr. Lowdon. My brother, Tom Wade, wrote me about it."

"The case may go to the jury!" The judge was determined in his gravity.

Helen, seated in the county clerk's office, was struggling with a desire to cry from pure excess of nerve strain when the door opened and a man strode across the floor toward her.

"Why—why—Fred Lathan—" she gasped, starting to her feet.

"Yes, it's I whom you shot." She stood staring at him inertly, and as he looked into the quivering, distressed face, his heart seemed to stand suddenly still. He continued with an effort. "Something tells me, Helen, that you spoke your final word to me when you gave me this." He touched his shoulder with a motion that was almost a caress.

"I'm so sorry," she articulated painfully. "I—I don't understand."

"I thought you went to Europe. I came out here to get away from every association connected with you. It seemed the only way I could live out the year you demanded of me. I did not know your brother was in New Mexico, and the name Wade meant—memories only."

She did not have a reply ready and he went on. "I understood from my uncle that the man Lowdon was a hard character—"

"He is not a hard character," Helen had interposed with heat before she could stop herself. Lathan regarded her grimly. She was angrily conscious of the hot blood in her cheek.

"I am leaving next month, as soon as my uncle can get some one who is 'less of a tenderfoot' to take my place." His attempt to hide the bitterness in his tone, failed. "I shall not see you again."

She heard the door close behind him, but made no move to detain him. She was aroused from the daze in which she stood by Lowdon's voice.

"Lathan says you wished to see me." He was standing just within the door, speaking to her across an immeasurable distance.

"Why did you not send for me?" she asked in a low voice without moving.

His eyes rested upon hers with a light in them that she had never seen there before, but the tone was the same careless one of long habit. "I'd have looked well sending for you, now, wouldn't I?"

"Were you going—would you have gone—"

"Not if I could have gotten out of it without dragging you into this mess, but otherwise—" his voice was losing its buoyancy, "otherwise—there are harder things in this world than going to Sante Fe for a year, particularly as I didn't do the shooting. I shouldn't have minded it as much as—"

"As what?"

"As I did to have you say 'Good Bye' to me as lightly as you did last summer," he added suddenly.

"I didn't—I didn't say it—'easily.'"

He made a single movement and the rest of the sentence was lost.

The Girl From Salt Lake

BY WILLIAM MAC LEOD RAINE

Burton, giving an alternate cursory inattention to the magazine he held listlessly and to the scenery, was acutely conscious of the presence of the girl in section 8 with the fine powdered freckles. She had got on the train at Denver, as he had, and when the conductor made his round of ticket inspection the alert young man in No. 7 had discovered that her destination, too, was Salt Lake. "What gilt-edged luck!" he had mentally congratulated himself.

That had been five hours earlier and he had not yet found his chance to offer the preliminary courtesy that would justify a train acquaintaince. He looked not often at her, and never except in a sweeping inclusive glance, but he saw nothing else.

Her warm brown waving hair, mellow with gold when the sunlight caught it, her lucent eyes, shy and unsophisticated; her sweet supple slimness, lithe and graceful in the neat traveling dress; some indefinable note of sadness incongruous with a youth so generously endowed: all contributed to the appeal she made on his imagination. He felt that here behind the beauty was soul, though still largely undeveloped.

Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Cañon City had all dropped behind them, and the train was now climbing the great continental divide, driving forward deeper into the golden West. Then Burton's opportunity made itself. The mellow voice of the porter wafted it to him. "Just enterin' the Royal Gorge. Best view of the scenery on the left hand side of the cah."

The girl hesitated to accept Burton's proffer of his seat. She was plainly embarassed. The pink and white ebbed and flowed beautifully in her cheeks. "I have seen such things before. Mountain travel is an old story with me," he hastened to add.

"But I don't like to drive you away," she said, wavering, in a shy voice clear as a bell.

"Then I'll take the other window seat if you don't mind," he proposed.

Next instant they were both apparently absorbed in the impressive grandeur of the cañon wall towering above them.

"Imposing, isn't it?" said Burton at last.

The girl nodded, coloring. His least word seemed to embarass her. It was plain that she was unused to travel and that it would be easy to shake her confidence in her behavior.

Burton continued in a monologue. "I don't see how they ever dared run a railroad through here. It's a kind of defiance to nature. See that immense rock up there. Suppose it were to come crashing down."

"What would become of us?" she managed to say.

"That would depend on the kind of lives we have been living," returned the young man smilingly.

The girl answered his smile with an-

other, not directly at him, but *via* the scenery as it were, which showed rows of even little teeth and two sudden charming dimples.

The young man led her into general conversation, from which he presently emerged to use a comment on the scenery as a basis for a transition to the personal.

"That must be the famous hanging bridge we are just coming to. I suppose it is supported from above by steel rods depending from the solid rock." Then he pumped out his hesitating guess. "This is the first time you have been over this route, didn't you say? One fresh from the East nearly always finds the rugged Rockies interesting."

"I am not from the East. I was born and brought up in Utah," the girl volunteered after a pause.

"Oh, in Mormonland," he laughed.

Her answering smile was a little hesitant. "Yes, if one likes to call it that."

"I didn't mean it as a criticism. I have never been there, but, of course, one is aware that there are thousands of nice people among the Gentiles, and I am told that even among the Mormons there are many good folks. But you must know better than I. Occasionally you meet Mormons, I suppose."

"Yes, occasionally." There was a suggestion of a glow of amusement in her eyes. Presently she explained. "Mormonism is not generally considered contagious. Its followers mix with other people in business and sometimes in social relations."

"But aren't they different from other people?"

"Not in the way you mean. Human nature is the same everywhere, isn't it? You can't tell a Methodist from a Baptist on the streets, can you; I mean if you don't know them?" There was in the manner of her speech a hesitation, almost a deference, that Burton was not used to find in the American girl he knew. He wondered what provincial environment was responsible for it.

"No—o," he admitted, "but I have always had an idea that I could tell a Mormon."

Her face was almost saucy now, the light of laughter in her eyes. "You will have ample chance to test your power of discrimination."

"At Salt Lake? Yes, I suppose I shall."

"Oh, before that, probably. I shouldn't wonder if there were Mormons even on this car."

The young man looked around with a sudden interest, his eyes on a tour of inspection. "I don't see any that fit my conception, unless it is the stout gentleman who has just come out of the smoker."

He thought her low silvery laugh the clearest ever coined. "He is a Unitarian minister, a Harvard man, I think."

Burton threw up his hands and laughed with her. "I give up, then. Point out your Mormon."

The girl's eyes, struggling with an undercurrent of mirth, slanted at him. He gained an impression of some joke in which he was not included. "I didn't say there was one. I said there might be," she corrected.

"But," he insisted, choosing his words, "how can they help being different from others, holding the beliefs they do?"

A shadow seemed to cross her mirth. "Which of their beliefs do you mean? Though I suppose it is not worth while asking that. There seems to be only one Mormon belief, so far as the East knows or cares."

He was surprised at the candor with which the girl, whose face he could flood with blushes at a word, broached the subject. He had yet to learn that everybody in Utah, grown callous, handles it without gloves.

"Well, take that tenet. One would think that the people who believe in an anachronism like that must have a different mental outlook from other people. They must have some justification, good, at least, to themselves."

"You are generous to them," she cried with a touch of scorn he did not understand. "Many people deny them even that."

"It would be interesting to catch their point of view," he mused.

"They look at it as a divine command," she explained. "Abraham was the father of the faithful, yet he had more wives than one. God approved him. Has God then changed? That is the Bible justifi-

cation. Then there is the argument founded on reason."

"On reason?"

"I used to—to know a girl about my age who was brought up in such a family. To her the home would have seemed lopsided with only one mother. The children were accustomed to sharing everything, even to their father. The family life was patriachal. The theory of such a plan of life is that it makes the women more unselfish and domestic, the father juster and more large-minded. It is a discipline laid on the people by command of God."

"I don't think any man could be good enough for such a place. The burden on the women must be terrible, sometimes."

"It is," she said simply, and Burton saw in her eyes the shadowy sadness deepen.

He did not understand the reason for it, but his instinct led him to carry the conversation back to lighter topics.

"I've been wishing all day that heaven would drop some common acquaintance down between us just long enough to say, 'Miss Mauveline Hallett, may I present to you Mr. Gerald Burton?' and then whisk away instanter. But since heaven was not propitious I had to be my own ministering angel."

She looked up surprised. "How do you know my name?"

"I heard the conductor read it from your ticket this morning."

"Oh! I did not know." A tide of beauty had flooded the girl's cheeks. "Perhaps I ought not to be talking with you, a stranger, without having been introduced. I am not used to traveling. I do not know the customs of meetings on a train. Perhaps I seem to you too free."

Her lovely helplessness took Burton by the throat. "You innocent lamb! You sweet babe!" he thought. His grave answer reassured her. "You do not seem to me at all free. It is customary for people to talk together on a train without a formal introduction. It is usually understood that it is optional with the parties whether or not an acquaintance so formed shall be continued after the journey."

"Oh, I didn't mean—I only meant—" she faltered.

"I understand what you meant," he smiled down at her, and then, lest his presence embarass her, went back to his magazine. And she to her window, with its panorama of brown foothills ribbed with white where the snow filled the gulches, its jagged outline of blue; white mountains rising occasionally to lofty peaks made glorious in a bright silver as the sun caught their tips.

That she would be his guest in the diner that evening Gerald Burton had determined, and to make his position more defensible he had entered into alliance with a gentle-eyed old lady with a heart for mothering.

"She didn't have any lunch at all because she is too shy to go into the diner. You must induce her to join us this evening. I mean you both to be my guests, if you will. We can't let her starve, you know," he urged.

And Mrs. Wheeler consenting, Burton introduced her to Miss Hallett. There was something very likable in the bright-eyed old lady, and she soon made friends with the girl. Then came the white-aproned waiter with his second call for supper, supper, and Gerald Burton in high good humor led his guests forward. The brilliantly lit dining car with its closely curtained windows, its shining silver and its white linen, its warm comfort compared with the bleak desert through which they rushed in the gathering night, combined with the easy manner and the gay rattle of whimsical talk of this broad-shouldered well-dressed youth, to lift Mauveline Hallett into an exhilaration foreign to her. Here, the girl from Salt Lake told herself, was a glimpse of that fascinating world which she had been taught to pray to be delivered from and which her secret heart had always longed to know, despite her pious petitions to be rid of carnal hopes.

After dinner Mrs. Wheeler seated herself beside the girl again and Burton kept subtly away. He had no desire to involve the old lady in any conversation interesting enough to retard her from retiring. So he devoted himself in his turn to the jagged line of peaks falling every instant into a deeper violet-blue, into a less sharply defined silhouette against the purple

sky dashed with pink from the disappearing sun glow. When Mrs. Wheeler left for her own section Burton took the vacant seat beside Miss Hallett before she could show any indications of an intention to retire for the night.

He made her talk, carried her out of the rather sombre reserve into which she was apt to fall, and discovered in her an unconventional freshness of mind that delighted him. He found her alive to the mystery of common things, to the joy in life that is only for the eye that sees and the soul that interprets. For Mauveline Hallett was enjoying the keenest pleasure of a life singularily arid.

She had awakened as out of a Rip Van Winkle sleep to a sudden knowledge of a woman's heritage of life and power. The warm color fought in her cheeks, a soft glow lit her eyes. Her quickened blood was alertly conscious of the presence of this young man so lean, debonair, and graceful, with the winning smile that openly courted her as his speech dared not. For her, life sang with what exulting heart beats! Nor could her inexperience know that this youth with eyes of fire, who spoke no word of love, was wooing her with his every gift of voice and manner, and that since she drank in all he said with parted lips and ear bent to miss no note, she was in woman's fashion telling him his suit was not indifferent to her. The winged hours flew like minutes, and it was midnight when she came to a sudden realization that all the berths had long since been made up and occupied except those of sections 7 and 8. She dismissed him hurriedly, a tide of color sweeping across her face and throat. But for one ponderable moment, as he said "Good-night," her eyes were his before the lids dropped shyly down to hide what they might say.

Burton slept little. He knew that he had just met the woman that some day he would ask to be his wife. His mind was tossed in a whirling chaos. He wondered what environment had produced an individuality at once so shy and so frank, so untaught and so receptive. And through all the wild hope that was beating in him there ran a sense of futility, some premonition of a wall between them against which his love would beat in vain.

To his chagrin he found her next day more reserved. She had taken council in the night and found much to discourage her new born delight in the world outside her valley. Recognizing the environment which hemmed her in, she knew better than Burton the futility of trying to enlarge her interests. Such as it was her life was ordained for her. She tried to tell him something of this, but somehow the words would not come. Burton, seeking in vain to break down the barriers that had arisen between them in the night, was conscious of acute disappointment, and in this state he remained till he left her at the Salt Lake D. and R. G. depot with the grim-eyed, gray-whiskered old pirate who turned out to be her father.

Then a heavy hand clapped him on the shoulder, and he wheeled to greet his friend Clement Rogers who was down to meet him. Rogers lifted his hat to Miss Hallett and her father, and in the safety of the cab Burton presently demanded who she was.

"Miss Hallett—Miss Mauveline Hallett. I thought you knew her."

"Oh, I don't want to know her name. I want to know about her," said Burton impatiently.

"She is old Bishop Hallett's daughter, the prettiest Mormon girl in Utah, and as —"

"A Mormon!" echoed Burton amazed, the light breaking on him.

"Yes. Why not? Didn't she tell you?

"But it's not possible! Are the Mormon girls like that?"

"One Mormon girl is," returned Rogers dryly. Then he proceeded to prick more thoroughly any air bubbles that might exist. "It is a great pity she is going to marry old Prendergast.

Burton was conscious of a sudden sinking of the heart. "Prendergast! Who is he?"

"One of the old polygamous hierarchy that rules Utah. Mauveline Hallett will be his fourth wife."

"I don't believe it; I don't believe the thing is possible. It isn't in the girl to do such a thing. My God! The thing is unthinkable."

Rogers looked at him curiously. "Wouldn't she? Don't be too sure about that. You can never tell what a Mormon woman will do. You may depend on it that there will be a good deal of pressure brought to bear upon her. Old Hallett is a polygamist himself; one of the few stalwart bigots that are left of the old Brigham Young school. He is not very well fixed financially, and it would be a great match for one of his daughters to marry as rich and influential a Mormon as Prendergast. If the girl is a good Mormon they are likely to pull it through."

"Force her to marry him?" demanded Burton, his eyes grown hard. "In the twentieth century; in the United States?"

"Utah isn't in the United States, and Mauveline Hallett isn't living in the twentieth century. Her father is a contemporary of the patriarchs, a sort of up-to-date Abraham. They won't compel her to marry Prendergast, but she will be made to understand that the church desires it, and the influence of the church is pretty strong, especially over the women."

"But are you sure they want her to marry him?"

"It is a matter of common gossip. Young Chesley, also a Mormon, wanted to marry her, and he got to talking. For two days he told everybody that it was a shame and an outrage; then the church heard of it and put a padlock on his mouth."

"But, Good God! Can't the thing be stopped?" burst out Burton.

"I wish you would tell me how."

"Have you no law in this forsaken spot?"

"Plenty of it, my dear fellow; but those pertaining to this subject are suffering a little from innocuous desuetude. No legal proof. That's the trouble. Such things are known of common report, but that does not constitute proof. You can't get behind the curtains of the Church of Latter Day Saints. It is a wall you can't butt through. And if you could, to what end? The offender would be prosecuted by a Mormon lawyer, and tried before a Mormon judge by a Mormon jury. That is the beauty of a statehood, from the Mormon point of view. We're not in the days of the Edmunds-Tucker law, worse luck."

"So you sit back and let an atrocious thing like this be done?"

"We do. We can't help it. There is just one person can hinder it, and I don't know whether she can. But it would be interesting to try. Go to Mauveline Hallett herself," suggested Rogers, ironically.

"I will," said Burton grimly.

Gerald Burton found Salt Lake a place much to his liking. The men he met at the University Club were vigorous clean-cut young Americans of that Western type which conceives and carries out big enterprises with unfettered imagination, at the same time keeping in touch with the East by periodic visits. But there grew in him a consuming restlessness to have speech with Mauveline Hallett. For, of one thing he was sure; that whatever he did should be done by storm while her impressions of him were still vivid and before she had fitted again into the groove of her old environment. He was nearly at the point of lying in wait for her outside her home when chance gave him his opportunity.

Walking down from the University club one afternoon he stopped an instant at the Brigham Young statue which stands at the head of Main street. On impulse he entered the enclosed square where are the temple and the tabernacle. At the office of the bureau of information he came face to face with Mauveline Hallett. She had been, since her return, selected as a guide to strangers desiring to visit the tabernacle, which selection was quite in accord with the church custom of putting its best foot forward.

Burton caught the glad shine in her eyes before she steadied them and came forward to shake hands with him. Every waking hour since she had arrived in Salt Lake she had been hoping for and fearing this meeting. That he would leave without seeing her again she had not for a moment believed, and she had prayed for composure to meet him unmoved. Divining at once that she was on guard to avoid any chance of subjecting herself to his influence, Burton sponged from his face all expression but surprised cordiality.

"I shall be fortunate in having an acquaintance as a guide, if you will be so good as to act in that capacity," he said.

It had jumped to her mind to turn him over to the other guide, but now, since his manner offered no warning of danger, she would not show she feared him. She led him toward the tabernacle, telling in her clear, vibrant tones—the while he walked in Arden beside her lithe and lissom youth—the story of that wonderful achievement of her people which had eventuated in mastery over the barren desert. It was a thrilling story, well told, with effective touches of detail thrown in.

After they had gone through the usual formula of sitting in the gallery and listening to a pin drop 250 feet away to prove the acoustic qualities of the building, Burton opened the campaign by requesting Mauveline to tell him about the prophet Smith and the Book of Mormon. Her narrative of the pioneer life had been full of warmth and fervor, but now her limping tale was colorless. To herself it seemed more than usually unconvincing with this keen-eyed unbeliever flinging critical but not unfriendly criticisms at its vital weaknesses. He hailed it as a favorable omen that she never spoke of the belief of the church as her own personal faith.

"For how long have you been a doubter?" he asked, apparently quite as a matter of course.

She flung one startled glance at him. "Did I say I doubted?"

"You did not need to tell me in words. You are of a singularly honest and intelligent mind. You have been to school. You have mixed with Gentiles. I am sure that your instinct for what is true must for years have been at war with your loyalty to the church of your people. You are timid and you have mistrusted your reason, you have persuaded yourself that to question authority was a sin. But you have never ceased to be in revolt. The foundations of your faith are rocking. Am I not right?"

His divination seemed to the girl almost uncanny in its accuracy. "Are not many church creeds antiquated? May I not reject a part of our creed and retain that part of it which is founded on eternal truth?" she asked in a low voice.

His eyes met hers unflinchingly. "Not if the false doctrines in the creed are a part of the practice of the church. Not if you have been chosen as a sacrifice to exemplify those doctrines."

The color wave swept her pale cheeks. "You have heard?"

"Yes, I have heard."

"And you believe—?" She looked very lovely in her erect young pride, her questioning eyes daring him not to understand her.

"I believe," he answered with repressed intensity, "that no power under heaven could drive you to it; but I know that there is no longer any room for you in the church where you were born. You will know no peace until you leave it."

She smiled bitterly. "You talk as if that were an easy thing. You do not know how impossible—"

"Not impossible," he corrected. "But difficult, I concede. I think I know some of the difficulties. Your father and your mother, your friends and all your relatives, the traditions of your life: you will have to break with them utterly. To your people you will be worse than dead, a renegade. They will hold you as one accursed. God knows I don't minimize the difficulties. You could not do it if you were not strong; but you can't live a lie."

So, meeting her each day and walking home with her from her work, he hammered at her troubled heart and wavering impulses. He would give her no rest, though he saw her growing white and miserable under his assaults, for his instinct told him that his only chance was to drive her to immediate action. Since she could not remain in her church and marry an unbeliever he was resolved she should leave it. To her he seemed sure, confident, masterful, but as soon as he left her a sickening sense of failure always clutched at his heart.

On a day he spoke his love to her; not as other lovers tell the story, but simply as a fact, with a compelling insistence that would be content with no evasions. He forced her to admit her love for him.

"You will marry me at once?" he said, but his question was almost an assertion.

"I cannot." Her voice was low and tortured.

"You shall," he answered quietly.

"I can't—I can't," she cried.

They were walking past the *Beehive*

where Brigham Young had lived with his numerous families. He waved his hand toward it. "Do you think I will let you put that before your happiness—and mine?" he asked. Then the tenderness in him leaped to words for the first time. "Oh Mauveline, dear heart, I can't live without you; I can't go home and leave you here, darling. I must be cruel to be kind, and all the time my heart is bleeding for you. I seem to you hard, darling, but there is nothing in my mind but love —always love."

Her heart beat like a trip hammer. A delicious warmth suffused her.

"If I could—if I only could!" was her soul cry.

"You will find it easier to break away than you think when you make up your mind to it," he insisted always.

Before he left he told her that he was going up to Idaho on mining business for a week. When he came back she must be ready to marry him. But she would give no promise.

That night the dictator in Bishop Hallett woke up. He had heard rumors in the city of his daughter and the young Gentile Burton that disquieted him. Bluntly he demanded of her the truth. When she told him he bade her prepare for a journey. That night he took her to Brigham city, on a visit to one of Apostle Prendergast'splural wives who lived on a farm near that place. That Mauveline should be brought into direct touch with her future environment appeared to her father and to the apostle a desirable condition. It was unfortunate for their plans that Clement Rogers was on board the same train in the seat behind them. He could hardly help discovering their destination.

It was ten days since Mauveline Hallett had left Salt Lake, and every day had been a long torture to her. For a week Prendergast had been down to the farm, and had shown himself the pink of courtesy to Mrs. Prendergast the third, perhaps to impress their guest with the desirability of obtaining him for a husband. There had been long drives, usually with, but once or twice without, Mrs. Prendergast, and the apostle's ponderous wooing had proceeded apace. To Miss Hallett the situation was odious and hateful, but the callous of long custom and her habit of not letting herself sit in judgment on her parents and those in authority, whom she knew to be good and honest people, kept it at least from being shameful. Indeed, at times the tenor of her life teaching had its way, and she wondered if after all she were not a stiff-necked and rebellious daughter of Zion.

Today she walked listlessly along the white highway of the valley which ran between the red-brown sides of the flat-topped hills. She craved rest with all her heart, for both physically and mentally she was weary to exhaustion with the turmoil. The sound of rapid wheels came to her, and without looking up she stepped to the side of the road. The carriage stopped abruptly, and somebody leaped to the ground. A pair of strong arms went round her, and she turned her face to meet her Gentile lover's kisses. She gave herself to his embrace without resistance. Her tired head found the rest it longed for against his broad shoulder. A sweet peace stole over her heart and wrapped her in.

"Come, love!" said Gerald Burton, and she had no thought of denial.

He lifted her into the trap and drove rapidly to the railway station. They took the first train for Salt Lake. She asked no questions. The responsibility of her future had been lifted to broader shoulders and she was content that it should be so. At Salt Lake they drove in a hack to the house of a minister whom Burton had met at the club. From there he telephoned to Rogers to bring his wife that they might serve as witnesses. The license he had already procured. He and Mauveline were made man and wife within the hour.

She flung herself into his arms in a tempest of tears as soon as they were alone.

"Oh, Gerald, be good to me, be good to me," she sobbed. "I have no father and no mother, now. I am an outcast from my people and my church. I have nobody in all the world but you."

Her face was buried in his coat, but he soothed her as a lover may, kissing the wavy brown hair and the tiny ear tips that were visible.

"So help me God, I will," said the young man reverently.

The Pirate and the Maid

BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

The full terror of the moment did not yet enter the young mind of Anna. She was too pure, too innocent to foresee the greater evil, and the sea below and the sky above breathed so freely of peace and beauty that she felt no warning.

She sat in silence upon the bench, her face shielded from the sun by the arch of the sail, and, her eyes turning to her father, she read in his look a fear so deep, and stretching so much into the future that she could not understand him because Mynheer Jacobus Van Houten was no coward, and his daughter, to whom his spirit descended in proper measure, knew it. Her mother crouched near, all sunk and shrunken, her face hidden in her hands; and by her stood the little children, the boy and the girl, their eager eyes following all that was done, and their lips, now and then, asking questions that no one answered.

Her eyes turned to the rovers, and she wondered at their boldness in falling upon the ship with the town so close at hand; they had come all the way from the old Amsterdam to the New, all but a few miles; and there were the low sands of the Jersey coast, with the forest beyond, stretching away, like a mighty green ribbon, to the south.

The men heaped upon the deck the ware of silver or gold, beautifully wrought or carved, the laces of the Low Countries and the silks of India, with all of which the vessel was so richly stored, but Anna had no thought for these things or their loss; her look was now upon the leader of the corsairs; it was the first time that she had discriminated him from the rest, and she felt rising surprise to find him so young, and with a figure of such graceful strength.

His face, as he gave some order, sharp and brief, was turned to her, and she noticed the high brow, the thoughtful eyes, and the strong and fine lines of the features. It was, to Anna, a figure with all the evil beauty of sin.

The eyes of the leader rested upon her, and looked into her own eyes with a gaze that held her, and yet was like a flash of blinding light; in that moment she could not have told whether he was dark or fair, but the first piercing quality of the glance was succeeded by a gentleness, which, in its turn, passed into wonder and admiration.

As he looked, and as his admiration shone in his eyes, scarlet crept into her cheeks, although she fought against it and tried to keep it back, clenching her hands in anger and fear, and seeking to shrink away from him. He looked for a full minute, and then, with an easy gesture, raising his black and wide-brimmed hat, gave her a salute.

She knew that he saluted her as a queen of beauty and of love, and she sat, without motion, frozen with fear. Her father, with a cry of rage, sprang to his feet, but the leader took one step forward, and, whipping out his sword, raised it.

"Such wrath and rashness avail nothing, Mynheer," said the leader in smooth, even tones, "and as a man of the large world you should see it."

Mynheer Van Houten knew the truth when it was told to him, and sighing, sank down heavily. The leader, with an air of finality, put back his sword in its sheath and turned to his lieutenant, a large man with lurking black eyes, who came forward, cap in hand.

"We have upon the deck all the goods that we can take with us, Captain Detheridge," said the man, "the gold, the plate, the laces, and—and—"

He bowed lower than ever, and swept his cap before his face, but Anna caught the swift, malicious gleam of his eyes and she felt a spasm of terror.

"Put all these in the boat, Rumbold," said the leader, indicating the heap of treasure with a slight gesture, "and while you are doing it I would speak a moment with the lady."

As Rumbold bowed, his cap failed again to hide all his wicked smile, but much as she feared him, Anna feared

him less than the leader who was now about to speak to her.

"Lady, I wish a moment's conversation with you, apart," he said. "What again, Mynheer! Must you feel the point of my sword instead of merely seeing it?"

"Come," said the leader, lifting his hat again with a graceful curve and gesture of his arm. "We cannot waste time, which is of value to us all, and the words that I would say to you are important to you and to your people. Sit still, Mynheer, if you value anything that is yours!"

Anna rose, and lowering slightly her beautiful head, as the captive bows to the master she followed him. Jacobus Van Houten shivered in his chair, but Detheridge shot him a terrible glance, and he did not rise.

"It is a strange thing that I have to say," said the leader, as they stood on a corner of the deck apart, "or, at least, it will seem strange to you, though not to us, who lead a life in which the commonplace alone is remarkable."

Courage flowed back into Anna's veins and she raised her head. Then her glance met the leader's.

"Whatever you may say to me can matter but little," she said, "because they are the words of a corsair, of a man who, sooner or later, must die at the end of a rope."

His face flushed darkly, and sparks shot from his eyes.

"You speak ill, lady," he said. "The times are gusty, full of hard and evil days, and we do our will, if we can. I would talk with you of that which concerns you much, and abuse of me will avail you and yours nothing."

"I cannot conceive of any words of yours that would profit me or mine."

"It is of these people, your family, who I can see are dearer than your very life blood to you, that I would speak."

He nodded toward the forlorn group.

"What would you say of them?" asked Anna.

The corsair hesitated, and looked away a moment across the sands, to the shining green of the forest. When his eyes came back they met the lowering face of Rumbold, and they plainly said in reply to the glance of his lieutenant: "Our law shall be carried out." It was evident that Detheridge, besides having a mind for beauty, was a man of force and decision.

DRAWN BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

"A large man with lurking black eyes."

"In all callings and professions there are certain laws," he said to the maid, "and they are none the less needed by us who sail under the black flag. One of them, and the most important, is the just division of the spoil, in accordance with which the lives of the four who sit there in that little group, a touching, I admit, but also an embarrassing company, are forfeit."

"You would not kill them!" exclaimed the girl, and her voice came gasping between her lips. Her eyes were full of desperate appeal and she stretched her arms toward Detheridge. The corsair took a step toward her, and drew a deep breath.

"There is need that my words should be plain, because we can ill spare time," he said. "They are too old or too young for any use of ours, but you are neither. What I say must be said. You are our prize; under the rule you fall to the captain, and I may do with you as I will. If driven to it, we can slay those whom you love so much, and take you also; but we lie near the town, their bodies would be washed by the tide upon the shore to-day, and the hue and cry would come too soon. Nor do I like to force one for whom I think I could care. Hence, I lay the case fairly before you. Come with us in peace, and those you love shall be left whole; a wind will spring up, and to-morrow they will be safe in the town."

Her head was lowered far, and the dark blush of shame covered all her face. Had she held any sharp-edged weapon she would have thrust it gladly at his heart. But having none she stood silent.

"Time speeds by, most beautiful lady of all the world," said Detheridge, "and the liberty of choice will not be left to you many minutes. You might find a worse owner than I shall prove. Think, too, that a possible chance of escape might come; and if the life should prove too hard, there is death. Look not upon yourself as one shamed, but as a sacrifice. '

"You would keep your word?" she asked, speaking low, "you would slay them if I do not go with you?"

"I would! As they are before you," and there was no shadow of hesitation in his tone.

The girl looked again at her people in their attitude of collapse and despair, and then at this man in all his strength and youth, whom she hated and whom she wished to slay.

"Where would you first take me?" she asked.

"We go in the long boat to the shore, and after a while we return to the sea and meet our own ship further south. I read your thoughts as you looked at your people; it would be a most unpleasant scene, and there would be most unpleasant sounds."

Strange and wild ideas ran through her head; there was always that possibility of escape, and, perhaps, it was greater than he had pictured it; somewhere in her blood, inherited perhaps from the the Dutch sea rovers, was a spark of fire that smoldered unnoticed, until the present crisis made it leap to life. Yes, she might escape, and if not she could die by her own hand.

The corsair read every phase of her countenance, and a smile, extraordinary in its nature passed over his face.

"You have made your choice," he said, "and you have done well; there is something to be gained by accepting, nothing by refusal. Do you wish to say a farewell to them?"

"No! No, may God spare me that!" she cried, and for a moment she hid her white face in her hands.

"Then, the boat is here, my men are ready, you step over the rail, and it is done.

He extended his hand, she rested her own lightly upon it, and sprang into the boat; in an instant the leader followed; Rumbold was already there and the men, with their prizes about them, pulled away. Anna heard a cry from the becalmed vessel—the cry of her mother; she saw her father, his face, white in agony, rush to the rail, and then a veil settled down over her eyes and she did not see to move, or to tear it away. The leader, with a rare delicacy had dropped a scarf over her head and the parting was in silence and the dark.

Thus she sat for many minutes, and it seemed to her at the time that she had

DRAWN BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

"The liberty of choice will not be left to you many minutes."

ceased to live. The boat struck gently upon the soft sand, the scarf was lifted, and the leader said in a voice of much sweetness:

"Look up, Lady Anna, we have reached the land, and life is not yet done; you have saved those whom you love, and how know you that chance and fate have not much joy in store for you?"

They began to unload the spoil from the boat, and Anna, walking a little way, sat down upon some driftwood, where she sought to find light amid the clouds gathering so thickly about her head.

She sat there, how long she never knew, because she was yet dumb and dazed, a lone and desolate figure, like the maiden chained on the rock to await the coming of the dragon.

"Anna—I shall call you such because you are mine now—" said the leader as he approached her, "we have put away our treasure, the part that we cannot carry, to wait until we shall come again, and now we must go into the forest. Come."

She held out her hands to him in appeal.

"Oh! if you are a man," she cried, if there is even a drop of pity in your veins, you will let me go!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask of me something not quite so heavy, Lady Anna," he replied.

"Give me your dagger," she pleaded, "and let me kill myself."

"Nay, that would be the greatest crime of all, a crime on both our parts."

He stood before her, trim, graceful, and smiling, his fairness and his beauty heightened by the entire blackness of his garb.

"Lady Anna," he said softly, even with a touch of appeal in his tone, "be not too hard with me. The fate which you think unkind could have been more cruel. At least, I shall not beat you, and I give you full credit for all that you are."

His lips curved slightly with some emotion, and, thinking it derision, she turned from him and walked away with the men into the forest. But he followed and presently was beside her, his air that of proud possession. But she said no word to him nor to any other, and held herself haughtily. The dark eyes of Rumbold at the rear glowed as he looked upon her.

"In six months the captain will be tired of her," he said to one of the men, "and then it will be my time. Well, it is better to be second than not at all."

The path led into the forest, into deep cool shade and amid the massive trunks of oaks and a tangle of trailing vines. It was dusky and dim sometimes under the spreading branches and the filtered sunlight came through the leaves, not in bars, but like a shower of golden coins.

Detheridge did not speak to her again for a while, but presently he began to whistle gaily some old love tune, an air of the south, with a lilting, sensuous note.

They came to a glade, an open space, sunk between hills, where the sunshine was gathered, and where a little brook, breaking from a low cliff cut down the green centre, like a silver sword.

"Here we rest, Lady Anna, and here the night is ours," said Detheridge.

In the most sheltered part of the glade they raised a tent, drawing it forth from concealment amid green bushes, and, at the edge of the water, built a fire for their cooking. Detheridge gently led Anna to a seat upon the green moss, and she obeyed, as one to whom protest was useless. White, still, and silent she sat; saw them light the fire, and she saw too, with unspeakable terror, how the day was fast fading. Already the east was a-droop with shadows and the forest there became far and dim; a dusky veil was drawing, too, over the center of the blue arch, and in the west the sun glowed blood-red, before sinking behind the hills. The southern wind had ceased to sigh, and save where they sat the world was in silence. Anna wished that she would fall dead with the coming of the dark.

When the food was cooked the leader bade her eat and she ate because he told her to, not knowing that she did it. Then the sun dropped behind the hills, the red glow faded in the sky like a dying fire, and darkness came down upon the earth. The men went off one by one,

DRAWN BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

"How long she sat there, she never knew."

Rumbold the last, to lie down in the grass and sleep, until only the leader and the girl were left. Rumbold, as he left, turned back for one look at the two, and Anna seeing it, felt cold death clutch at her heart. A brand in the fire burned through, snapped, and fell apart. A little shower of sparks arose, and then as they sank the fire sank down with them. The darkness came up and enfolded them more closely.

The girl was resting her chin upon her hand and she looked down. By the light of the dying fire her face was carven and pale with the pallor of a spirit. The silence of all the world outside now invaded the glen also. Nothing stirred there, and nothing spoke, and all the time the fire sank lower and the darkness crept up closer and closer.

"It grows late," said Detheridge, "and we must start early tomorrow. There is our tent."

She sprang to her feet and turned her pallid face up to the dim sky.

"I ask you again to kill me!" she said. "See, I am steady! I shall not flinch from the blow!"

Her eyes glittered in the filtering moonlight.

"Perhaps I shall," he said, "but not here, nor at this moment."

He took her by the hand and drew her away beyond the curve of the bushes and to the door of the tent.

"I have seen many women, pure and beautiful," he said, "but none so pure and beautiful as you. Think you I am a stone that I cannot feel these things?"

He lifted his hand a little, and the slight gesture that he made was one of admiration and respect. Then he drew his sword, and he held the naked blade aloft. A silver moonbeam struck on the tip and ran molten down the steel to the black hilt. The edge shone in the light as keen as death.

Anna raised her head, and into her eyes came a look of resignation and relief.

"Strike!" she said. "My heart is here," and she placed her hand for the moment, where she could feel it beating. Then she let the hand drop again, and clasping it with the other stood like Jephtha's daughter awaiting the blow.

"No," said Detheridge. "It is not

that I mean. I could not do it, no matter what may await you. The sword is yours. It shall guard you."

He raised one of her hands and pressed the hilt into it.

"It is for you to strike, if you wish," he said, and folding his arms he stood erect before her but a yard away. There was no sound in the glen. Beyond the bushes the sleepers still slept in the grass, but where the two stood the moonlight poured a flood of burnished silver out of a peaceful sky, and her pale face and startled eyes were in the heart of the glow.

"If you could not strike, neither can I," she said.

"Nor will you turn it against yourself! I demand that promise."

"I give it, at least for the present," she said, and there was truth in her eyes.

"Then sleep with it beside you, and you shall take no harm."

She passed within; and lying down on the blankets they had spread for her, put the sword beside her. By and by, he, too, rested just within the flap of the tent, and the naked sword glittered between. The moonlight brightened and all the glen gleamed in ghostly silver.

Thus the hours passed, and whatever had been their thoughts, whatever their wishes for the time to come, all slept and knew nothing. But toward the morning hours the night changed, the silver of the moon faded, there was a faint quiver of the leaves, as if they shook with a dread of what was at hand, and up from the south and the west came rolling clouds charged with blackness and menace. Far down under the horizon there was a low grumble and then the clouds came on, swift and black. Presently there was a deep echoing crash, a long quivering flash of light, like the stroke of a giant sabre, and the glen swam for a moment in a dazzling glare.

Anna, with sleep still heavy on her lids, and memory of the night not yet come, sprang up and cried out in terror. It seemed to her that a bolt of fire had burst in the tent. Even before she recalled what fate had done for her the thunder rolled again, and the vivid lightning cut the heavens. Outside there was a moan of swift wind and the crash of breaking branches. Then Detheridge snatched up the sword and seizing her in his arms ran out, just as the tent, caught on the edge of the storm, was whirled away.

He, too, before he put her down, ran swiftly toward the trees, despite the danger of flying branches, and, once, by the lightning flash, when she saw his face, it seemed to her to be illumined by joy, gratitude, and relief. But while she wondered, intense blackness closed around them again, and she felt his heart beating against her, and his strong arms enclosing her. He had borne her on many minutes, she thought, until he stopped in another open space.

"Give thanks to God, Anna, for this!" he cried, and his tone was devout. Then he added:

"I tell you, now, that I would have suffered all to save you from harm, and while you seemed to be mine then, you are mine now in another way. But until this moment I merely hoped, and yet had no hope."

He bent over her and kissed her with lips that lingered, and warm fire shot through her, because she felt herself in the grasp of a strong man, one whom a woman could love. Then remembering what he was, she pulled herself away in horror.

"You have saved me, at least so far," she said, "and for that I owe you gratitude but I cannot forget that you are—are—"

"A pirate, one of the red hand and black flag! Say it! It is but the truth! But in your heart there is a corner for me, small though it may be. I know it, because you did not at once repulse my kiss, the first that you have ever received from a lover."

She started to cry out a denial that she looked upon him as a lover, but the words would not come, and the darkness hid the burning red of her face. He led her far, and often he spoke to her low words, gentle, protecting, the words of a man, illimitable in his strength, to the woman whom he must shelter. By and by the power of the storm waned and it rumbled off toward the west.

"Which way are you taking me?" she asked at last.

"To your town of Manhattan; it lies off there in the north, and I shall think poorly of my skill if I do not find it."

She spoke no more until the coming of the dawn. Its herald was a wan light on the eastern hills, deepening into gray and then into rose and opal and gold, robing the world in brightness and life.

"The day has come and you are safe," said Detheridge. "Three hours should take us to a village that lies but across the water from your own town of Manhattan. Perhaps from the crown of the hill yonder we can see its smoke."

He spoke with a certain sadness, standing a little apart from her and gazing toward the north. She felt, then, how much she owed him.

"You must leave me here," she said. "I am sure I can find my way alone, but I shall never think of you save with gentleness and gratitude, and for all the bitter things I have said to you, I now pray your pardon."

"There is no pardon needed when all you said was just. But I will not leave you yet; you would not be safe alone. Rumbold is a man of energy and ferocity and he will pursue."

"He will pursue you as well as me. Oh, what have you done? If you go back your comrades will slay you as a traitor, and if you go on you are hanged as—as—"

"I am hanged as a pirate," he said, smiling. "Put it fairly and plainly and I shall not flinch."

She stood dumb and white for a while. Presently she asked:

"What made you do this for me?"

"There were several reasons," he replied thoughtfully, "but chief among them is the fact that I love you."

There was a certain pride in his tone, as if he gloried in the words that he spoke.

Her look fell before his, and she was forced to turn her eyes away; yet she did not hate him, nor hold his words against him.

"I think I should go now," she said with much gentleness. "It is time to say farewell, and I go, feeling in my heart that you are not—are——"

Her face flooded with scarlet, and her eyes fell.

"I am not wholly wicked; it is my hope that I am not. Yet that is but poor consolation, as no man is all vice. But I shall not speak a farewell now; I am going on with you until we reach habitations.

"And then you would be taken and hanged. Think you I would buy my freedom at such a price? I refuse to let you go with me. If you do not turn back, then I will, and take my chance of all."

Her face glowed with the light of sacrifice.

"You would do all this," he said, "to save so great a criminal from his just punishment!"

"I cannot believe you all bad," she cried, and as she spoke she was seeking excuses for him to herself. "There was something that forced you into this life; some great mistake; some wrong done you. Tell me, if it be not so."

He did not reply directly, but his eyes were rarely soft and tender.

"My best excuse," he said, "is that I love you. Why seek any other. To love one so pure and true, one who could make so great a sacrifice as you threaten, is to prove that I am not all bad. But we waste time, Anna. I will take you on to the town."

"Not a step do I go," she said, and she sat down on a log, every line of her figure expressing resolve.

Slowly his eyes expanded with the wonder and tenderness that were in them, and he walked back and forth a little on the green carpet of the grass. Presently he stopped before her.

"Anna," he said, "you asked me if some wrong done me had not forced me to become what I am. I did not answer you directly, but I will tell you a story of another man, of my age. He was in the far south, on a long voyage and was about to return by sea to his home, here in the north, but he was taken by corsairs. That was not so long ago, two months or a little more, perhaps."

She raised her head, and the light of a new hope sprang up in her eyes.

"He was taken by corsairs," he said, "but he was strong and agile, and he loved the life that flowed in such a red tide through his veins. That night, when the leader of the corsairs came to see him,

to jeer at him, he sprang upon him, hurled him down with his great strength and bound and gagged him.

"Then he exchanged clothes with the bound leader, and walked safely among the men, who in the dark knew not the difference. He escaped to the land, and with many hardships made his way to the north. But he fell in with corsairs again, and they were expecting a new leader from the south, a man of skill, cunning and no ruth. See, how a wonderful chance, greater than any preparation, had arranged all for this man! The one whom he had left bound behind was the man for whom they had waited, and in the pocket of his borrowed coat he found a letter bearing word of it to the northern corsairs."

A tide of joy like golden sunshine passed over her face.

"There was naught he could do but take the leader's place, and play his part until such time as he might make his second escape. It was but a few days since, and there is no drop of innocent blood, no crime upon the hands of this unwilling substitute."

She sprang up, and, forgetful of self, put her hands upon his shoulders.

"You are not Detheridge," she said. "You are no corsair! I might have known that you could not be!"

"No, Anna, I am not; and now I pray you to forgive me for all the cruel things that I said to you, and all that I made you suffer, though in saying and doing them, I suffered as much as you. The eyes of Rumbold and the others were upon me, and I had to play the wicked part to the uttermost to save you. Nor, even at the last, would I have told you, had you not offered yourself upon this spot as a sacrifice for me. Anna, after this, our test, it is evident to me that God intended us to meet and to belong to each other."

The lips of the two lovers met in a long kiss and they walked on together over the hill, into safety, and to home.

The Ladies of the Fan

BY DENISON HALLEY CLIFT

Billy Wayne, truant and susceptible junior, was wandering aimlessly along the shores of the Lagunita. The early spring had come, and the days of March were days of light showers and derelict winds that came down into the valley and played idly between the pillars of the arcades and among the trees by the lake, whispering of romping hours in wooded ways. A meadow lark, calling wildly in a pasture, was answered among the grain fields that lay on the sloping hills, the melody of the careless throat resounding like an echo from the mate. The far-off ring of a chisel cutting lace-work in blocks of stone and the rustling of soft winds in the fescue beds sang a song of unrest and indecision; and in the maudlin play of the leaves Billy caught the suggestion of music—the music of the Prom, and to him returned the problem of the five.

The five were not mere pictures adorning a stolen fan that hung from Billy's chandelier, but they were real personages, and the mystery of them came to him in the March twilight as well as in the March sunlight. One evening, when his roommate was calling at Redwood, Billy marshalled the white fan before him on his study table in Encina Hall, endeavoring to reduce the problem to a mathematical basis; but this proved to be very unsatisfactory, for he could not estimate the value of the ladies in dollars and cents, and besides, the result was always the same—in price.

Billy's roommate was on the Prom committee, and a week later, when he was attending a meeting, Billy had the room again to himself. He was forcibly reminded that he must cease his dreaming at once, as the dance was almost upon him. So he took down the stolen souvenir and arranged the five ladies before him. Then he lighted his briar pipe. The faces were all very beautiful, he thought,

only some were very much more beautiful than others.

But he liked them all. They had crept into his college life with wonderful deftness, perhaps because he was big and genial, perhaps because he was the most prominent track man in college. He gazed down into their smiling faces.

"Now, which shall I take to the Prom?" he said to himself reflectively. He carefully searched their faces. He looked for some answer from them; he hoped he would discover looks of appeal in one face; but they all stared back at him coldly and haughtily, and even with looks of disdain, as if they did not care.

"Perhaps they are indifferent," he sighed softly to himself. He shifted about uneasily and relit his pipe. The first face looked up at him out of blue eyes, and he gazed into them thoughtfully. She was very beautiful. She was the peer of the college girls, he told himself very secretly. Her dark brown mass of hair was combed into a wonderful coiffure, her skin was very white, smooth, and perfect as a wax doll. She lived somewhere on Alvarado Row, on the campus, not far from Encina, and he often called upon her and listened to her talk. He thought now, as he gazed upon her picture, that she was speaking to him. She had come from Chicago, and of its operas and people she spoke incessantly, telling Billy of wonderful drives along the Lake Shore boulevard and idle hours upon the redolent lawn walks of Lincoln Park. Once he asked her of an address on Stone avenue.

"Oh, that's away out by the stockyards," she answered gaily, and Billy was inwardly shocked, because a very dear friend of his lived there. He smiled at the pretty face, and closed it face-down in the fan.

The second picture was not so beautiful, but it looked up at him with soft, dreamy eyes that told of some other world, far removed, where she was straying. He had met her when he was a freshman, at a church social in town. He remembered that she wore a pale blue gown, with thin gauzy *appliqué*, and shared her refreshments with him. She lived at Roble, and often in the music room they two indulged in imaginative wanderings in cities where there were curious Chinese restaurants, and strange people of a dream world, and quaint quarters of Germans and Italians, where narrow, unexplored streets yielded a world all of its own.

"She was very lovely then," thought Billy. "I wonder if she remembers those days." He closed the picture with the other.

The third smiled up at him congenially. She was a striking blonde, and her features bore the stamp of the great outdoors. He had often played golf with her near Redwood; there he had met the fourth girl. Those were hours in the late summer when college days were drawing near at hand. Later he had taken the fourth girl to King's Mountain, and together they had talked over Ibsen's subtle drama and Browning's ethical theories. Billy smiled. He shut the photograph with the others and laughed lightly. "She is the intellectual one," he told himself.

There was only one picture left; it looked up coldly at him with large, dark eyes. "I have never taken you to a dance, have I?" Billy asked her. "And it's a pity, isn't it? And you have the finest eyes of all, just like a Jersey calf." Her gaze met his, unconcernedly, almost cynically, he thought, unwavering in its stare.

Billy reached forward to shift the pictures, and even as he did so his roommate came into the room. He tossed aside his hat and threw himself upon the divan.

"Thinking about them again?" he laughed, when he saw the fan. "Well, cut it out, old man, and forget about it forever. For let me tell you that—"

"That?"

"The Prom is off."

"Because?"

"Of the diphtheria scare, Billy; but keep it quiet. The committee must lead up to it gently, so no one will be dissatisfied with our action. As the disease gains headway the whole college will see that it's the only thing to do under the circumstances. We're going to announce it Friday."

Billy was silent. He tried to realize what it meant to him. Then there would be no dance and no bid for favor with one of the faces before him. This was

hard of fate, after he had planned and saved for the event so long. He reflected a moment. A sudden idea, vague at first, took shape in his mind.

His roommate was immoderately bitter about it. "So forget it," he called from the divan. "And by the way, Billy, now what fairy are you going to take?" He laughed long and sardonically.

Billy looked up undisturbed.

"I'm going to take them all," he answered quietly.

And so Billy planned to take them all to a dance that wasn't to be. Never before had so cunning a scheme entered his head. Yes, he would take them all, and there would be great rejoicing in five unsuspecting souls. Now he should not be called upon to discriminate, and for that he was very glad.

Accordingly, the next day he prepared to invite the five girls. He set about it in a very business-like way. He planned three calls for that Tuesday evening, and wrote two letters, one to the blonde at Redwood and the other to the intellectual girl at San Jose. To the first he wrote:

My Dear Miss Roberts—

After searching for you most of the day around the Quadrangle and in the library, I am at last compelled to write you this note, for I have been greatly disappointed in not seeing you. As you know, the Junior Prom is coming in three weeks, and it will afford me the greatest delight if you will accept my invitation to go to the dance. I had hoped to see you personally, but shall look for you again this week. Let me hear from you at once, and let me know what kind of flowers you wish.

Very cordially,

William Wayne.

He copied the letter word for word and sent out both on the afternoon mail. Then he dressed, and at seven o'clock set out for the Row. He asked for the girl from Chicago, and she soon came tripping into the parlor, attired in a white silk waist and a checkered gray skirt. Billy gazed at her in adoration. She was charming; he half wished, after all, there was to be a Prom that he might have taken her.

"Good evening, Mr. Wayne," she said, "how are you this evening? And what have you been doing for the past week? I've just got back from the city. I've been shopping all day, trying to get a new parasol."

Billy changed his position.

"Did you ever try to buy a parasol?"

"Not that I know of," stammered Billy. "I have come to ask—"

"Well, if you ever try, you'll find out what a terrible job it is. First you look at a green one, and then at a small red one, and you don't like this one, and you don't like that; oh, it's just awful! Yes, at last I got a pretty one, a pretty dark blue one."

Billy thought for a moment she was going to stop.

"And then the opera," she rattled on. "I wanted so much to hear Caruso, but I couldn't get seats, and I was so mad. Oh, I tell you, San Francisco isn't a bit like Chicago. There, you, at least, have a chance to—"

"I have come—" broke in Billy, nervously.

"Pardon me," she added hastily.

"—to ask you if—er—if you would like to—go to the Prom with me."

"Oh, I shall be just delighted! How very kind of you, Mr. Wayne. I shall be so happy. And I'll wear red roses with my new dress. Let me see, when is it coming?"

Billy chuckled within; for he was sure, that like every other girl in college she knew the date better than her prayers.

He bolted five minutes later and headed for Roble, madly glad, madly ecstatic, wishing heartily that there was to be a dance after all. But the excitement of this was better than dancing. And what college fellow would not have been thrilled by it? "Poor, innocent girls," he soliloquized, "poor, unsuspecting dears."

A young lady with a pleasing smile met him in the doorway at the Hall.

"Is Miss Harper in?" he asked in a low voice.

Miss Harper, as was her custom, took him into the music room. She looked very sweet and dreamy to Billy, her dark eyes flashing up at times when he spoke of the church social and the book he had once given her for Christmas.

"I read it over often," she said, "and I always like it better each time. I think

the hero is simply divine, don't you?" Billy couldn't say that he did. "And do you remember when he took Patty to a ball—"

"Why, I don't just recall that time," responded Billy, "but speaking of dances, I should be very pleased indeed to have you accompany me to this year's Prom, if you—"

"Oh, oh, oh! To the Prom?"

Billy had sounded the magic word of all colleges.

"Why, Mr. Wayne, how perfectly lovely." She had been there once before. "Flowers? Let me see. Pink carnations will be the best, I think; pink carnations."

Billy was skilled in small, drawing-room talk, so he easily led around to his exit within ten minutes, which was really quite a feat at Roble. It was a quarter after eight when he returned.

"No, I haven't forgotten anything," he told the girl with the pleasant smile, "except to speak to Miss Adams. Only for a moment he added."

Miss Adams was very cordial. She was the last of the five. Billy smiled into her eyes, the eyes of a Jersey calf. "I looked for you everywhere today," he declared. "I wanted to ask you if you would like to go to the Prom?"

And of course she was delighted. And to be sure she was happier far than words could describe. "I will wear white roses," she affirmed, "and, oh, let me see, when did you say it was coming?"

Billy with difficulty tore himself away. He was bubbling over with the sheer adventure of the night. His eager feet carried him swiftly along the arcade of the Quadrangle. The arches, silent in the night, hung low beside him. A young moon was sinking behind the hills that dipped in crenelated outlines behind the lake.

The big stone dormitory loomed black before him, crouching, silent. A hundred lights gleamed from a hundred windows, like immense eyes staring stolidly out into the gloom. Billy rushed into his room and found his room-mate deep in his law books.

"It's working like a charm," he called to him, excitedly. "All five think they are going to a dance. I tell you, your little wifey is making himself solid for life this time."

The room-mate looked up inquiringly. Then, when he understood, he burst into a paroxysm of laughter.

"Isn't it the greatest joke?" cried Billy.

"Yes," expostulated the law man when he could speak, "it certainly is."

"And didn't I tell you I was going to take them all? Didn't I tell you I was?" went on Billy.

"Yes," answered his room-mate, "and you probably will. For the committee met this afternoon and the dance is on again!"

"Dear Mr. Wayne," wrote the Redwood blonde. "You cannot possibly think how happy I shall be at your side the night of the Prom. It was extremely kind and thoughtful of you to think of me in this way. You can certainly take supper with us on that evening? I shall look for you at five. I have chosen violets."

"I'm stung!" groaned Billy, weakly. The next mail brought an added sting.

"Dear Billy," wrote San Jose familiarly. "You dear old brick, I'll just be too pleased! Pinks will be my choice to wear, white pinks. And can't you come down in the morning and drive over to Alum Rock with us? You know that it is good to get away from books often and dream away the hours, for as Browning says—"

Billy read no more. He cared naught for Browning. No, he could not possibly see how he could go down in the morning. In fact he did not see how he was going to live during the next few days, to say nothing of the weeks. He told himself that he had done something very foolish. His heart leapt into endless bounds whenever he thought of the coming great night. Oh, it was awful! He had no doubt of that.

The worst of it was that he deserved it. He admitted that, rather reluctantly. But this punishment was ten times as bad as the deed he was guilty of. Then his mind became philosophic. He wondered if the punishment meted out on the last day would be as correspondingly fierce as was his. His wandering feet carried him by the shores of the little smiling college lake, but his eyes were

now closed to its beauties. He did not hear the oriole trilling down among the clump of pussy willows; he did not hear the mocking call of the chipmunks along the lane that encircled the lake. The spring day had burst into a medley of harmony, but its dulcet notes were lost to the junior. A mangy cur skulked past him once. He turned and called the poor brute, but the dog sped away into the meadow as if it had been shot. Billy's sympathies went out to it. "We're both pretty bad off," he called out.

How he ever scraped through that week he never knew. His studies he shirked; and a failure in a history test reminded him that things were becoming complicated. His track work showed no improvement. At the opening of the season he was the most promising distance runner in college, but he did not live up to his handicap. He gradually fell behind and his roommate excelled him in the mile. But Billy cared not. Only one thought hampered him; one question forced itself upon him every hour, every minute, "What the devil am I going to do?"

But most important of all: he forgot that women will talk.

The smiles, warm and blissful, that he received daily on the Quadrangle only stunned his startled senses. Could he not get sick? Yes, but how weak an excuse! And who would believe him?

On the morning of the second preliminary track meet with Ukiah he was still in a quandary. The Prom was only three days off. He made no plans; he gave no orders for flowers; he slept little at night.

"Perfectly charmed," wrote Redwood once more.

"Too dear for any use," wrote dreamy-eyed Roble.

"Remember, red roses," said the Row.

Was anyone so persecuted before as was Billy?

When the mile was called at the meet, Billy moodily took his place. Among the crowd of yelling and clapping collegians on the bleachers Billy knew that three of them were there—three of the five, fortunately scattered apart.

The starter's pistol sounded like music in his ears. He fell into the pace behind his room-mate. The bleachers rose beside him like a shrieking column, clapping wildly, cheering the runners who struggled along the gray track that seemed to run away before them as they flew over it. Billy suddenly thought of the Row. He closed up closer to his room-mate.

The men were puffing heavily now; the second lap had been covered.

"Mate!" he breathed, "Mate!"

The law man nodded.

"Mate, for God's sake, spike me! on the last lap!" The words came in wheezing breaks.

The law man vaguely understood, as Billy swept past him, what his room-mate meant. He fell in behind, close to his chum, just as the pistol cracked for the last lap. On and on, breath coming hard, the path with its white lines dancing like crazy streaks before them, the shouts from the bleachers rising like the surge of the sea in their ears, the runners sped ahead. They passed the low, dim outlines of the training house, like a heavy billow rising to crash down upon them. Billy was in the lead, the law man close upon him. A Ukiah athlete crept up alongside, inch by inch.

"Mr. Wayne will win!" cried Roble on the bleachers.

"Oh, Billy, Billy!" shrieked San Jose.

"Oh!" gasped the Row.

A moment later she gasped again, this time in sudden terror. The crowds rose like a maddened throng, bellowing, gesticulating. And as she looked on her eyes filled with tears from the excitement of the moment. A sudden hush settled upon the onlookers. Billy had gone down; his leg was torn and bleeding from the law man's cruel spikes! They were carrying him from the field, limp, like a bundle of rags. The law man first breasted the tape.

In the bedlam that followed, Roble stared in startled discomfiture.

"I wonder," she repeated to herself, "I wonder!"

"That brute," thought San Jose hotly, "when the dance is so near!"

"Oh, I hope he isn't hurt," thought the Row. "It must feel terrible!" She relaxed a moment later, her face a little pale.

Billy peeped out from behind the white covers and looked at the nurse.

"How long do I have to stay here?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't know exactly," replied the nurse evasively, "at least ten days; perhaps no longer."

"Then I can't possibly go to the Prom Friday night?" eagerly.

"No, not possibly," firmly.

Billy sighed deeply and shut his eyes. The nurse half closed the shutters to darken the college hospital room. The warm afternoon sun was struggling to get in. A sparrow on the window ledge chirped melodiously, then flew away into an apple tree close by. "Poor boy," murmured the nurse as she passed into the hall, "what a disappointment it must be."

"But not for me," smiled Billy as the door closed. The pain in his leg made him wince as he turned over, and he closed his eyes to escape the agony in slumber. The law man had done a better job than he had anticipated.

Just as he was dozing off the door softly opened, and he looked up. The eyes of the nurse met his. "Oh, you're awake," she said. "There's a young lady below to see you—a Miss Harper."

"Miss Harper," gasped Billy, "oh, Lord!" He wished he could say, "Not at home," but it was impossible. Besides, how could he explain himself to the nurse? She was staring at him now in surprise that was not feigned.

"I'll sit up and you can b r i n g her in."

Presently she came into the room, beaming, in her arms a great bunch of pink carnations. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Wayne," she said, her eyes more dreamy than ever before. "You deserve such credit for the race; you would have won. We were all sorry."

Billy wondered who meant by "we." His fevered fancy caught at every suggestion of detection. He groaned effectively.

"I knew you would like these," she said, sympathetically. I was to have worn them at the dance, you know; you can't go now, of course, so you must enjoy them as a memory."

The door opened again.

"Miss Roberts to see you," smiled the nurse.

The blonde came in.

"I'm so glad to see you," said Billy, reaching out a trembling white hand. "You know Miss Harper? Yes, it was painful for a while. Sometimes it —o——h!"

The two girls looked sorry. They concontracted their foreheads in an appearance of consummate pity.

"And just to think," said the blonde. "that we were—"

"Going to win three more points if this hadn't happened!" interrupted Billy, explosively. He was in a ferment now. He had forgotten that women will talk.

The blonde suddenly lifted a bunch of violets upon the bed. Billy gazed in amazement. She had chosen violets, he remembered, for the dance.

The dreamy-eyed Roble girl smiled, forcedly, Billy knew. Then the door opened once more.

"A Miss Adams to see you."

Billy was too far gone to protest. He lay there weak and faint. Jove, they were after him now!

Billy moved, very restlessly. He laughed, half to himself, half aloud, hollow, far-away, sickly. He saw a girl he dimly remembered to have seen before come in to him, carrying in a paper protector a beautiful bouquet of large, white roses.

"I have brought you these," said Miss Adams timidly, "because I thought—you would remember."

"Yes," replied Billy, brokenly and low, "you do remember how—how I like ro—white roses, don't you?"

Miss Adams seated herself in a chair brought from the other room. "It was a dreadful thing," she said, slowly, to give great weight to her words.

When Billy dared to look up again he looked straight into Miss Adams' eyes—

the big brown eyes of a Jersey calf. They were mildly ferocious.

Then the blonde spoke again. She was the irrepressible. "Yes," she half laughed, "we told him that. Billy must be sorry too, because Friday he was going—"

"Home!" cried Billy like a pop-gun, and "now look at me!" He was shaking with fear, his pulse was leaping strenuously.

"Mr. Wayne," announced the nurse, looking in, "Mr. Wayne, you are a very popular young man. There is a Miss Conway to see you."

"A what?"

Miss Conway, coming in a moment later, paused in the doorway, dazed. She carried a small copy of Browning in one hand and in the other an exquisite bunch of white pinks! She blushed, embarrassed, when she saw the other girls. Then Billy relieved her.

"How good you all are," he said, with an attempt at frivolity. His heart beat like a trip-hammer. His mouth was dry and parched. He stared absently about him. If suspicion did not dawn upon them he knew it would be the latest wonder of the universe.

Upon the table were now four glass jars, and in them pink carnations, violets, white roses, and white pinks. Where were the red rosebuds? How, in the course of things, could they be lacking?

A short time later they were added. The blue-eyed Chicago girl came into the room. Billy had ceased to wonder now. The world held no more miracles for him. The old Quadrangle might have been changed to gold, and the flowers beside him to glittering diamonds, and he would have asked no questions. It would have been all right, the regular course of affairs.

He talked like one in a nightmare; he saw as one in the midst of some dreadful dream from which he might awaken any moment and find himself sane again. The Chicago girl blushed prettily, her dark brown hair falling in tiny wisps about a perfect full throat, her pure, waxen complexion tinged by a lovely pink. Billy gazed, enraptured. She was more beautiful than the others, he told himself, deep in his heart, for fear the other four might hear.

The girls' laughter cheered him somewhat. The strained moments were passing into freer and easier ones. Then the Redwood blonde became evident once more. "After we had planned," she began desperately.

"Yes," interposed Billy, "after we had planned for first and second places."

"But it wasn't the race we cared about," said the Chicago girl, simply. Billy's heart leaped within him. He could have thrown his arms about her; the contrast stirred him. He spoke hoarsely.

"I suppose I shouldn't tell you this," he said, choking. "I presume it is very wrong of me." He glanced quickly from the Chicago girl to the blonde. She was the one who would soon expose him. He must be ahead of her.

"On Friday night," he said slowly, "I was even planning to go to the Prom! Isn't that an awful confession to make? And I was going to take a very, very sweet girl. And now—now look at me."

"And now—he can't go," sighed the blonde significantly.

Billy sank back in exhaustion, and his tired eyes closed. A moment later they left him, trailing out one by one, each rejoicing deep in her heart that the injured track man was holding her secret sacred from the others.

The Chicago girl hesitated an instant in the doorway and then slid back to the bed-side.

"Billy," she called softly, "Billy!" She was startled at her familiar tone.

Billy looked up into a radiantly fair face. It seemed as if all the beauty and sympathy of the whole wide world was reflected at that moment in her face. Outside the little sparrow hopped along the sill, in the gold-brown shade of the overhanging clematis. The air was full of the rich spring sunshine.

"I'm so sorry," whispered Billy, and his hand stole out for the soft, small one near him. "Never mind," he added, we'll go next year."

Die Diele

BY ANNE WARNER

The carriage was rolling through the Burger Park. It was February, and the only green in the forest to the left was the green of the moss on the tree trunks. Their branches glinted gray in the wintry sunlight. The decorative pieces of water showed a shivered coating of ice. The air was very cold; there was a sharp wind also.

The wind blew in the carriage window. The man within leaned across the girl and raised the glass. As he did so she drew back—far back—so as to avoid his proximity. A slight look of scorn twisted his lips for an instant—only for an instant—and then his face was immobile again.

He looked from his window and she from hers, and neither the scenery of the Park nor the succeeding villas drew from either a single word.

They were an interesting couple—these two. One would have looked a second time at either—and then a third. The man was perhaps thirty, brown-haired, brown-eyed, brown-moustached, tanned, and bearing the traces of such a life as a gentleman may live in the wilds. The girl was twenty, and blonde, and beautiful, and bitter of lip and eye. She sat as close in her corner as possible and did not permit even a fold of her sleeve to touch her companion.

The strangest fact of all was that the two—despite the difference in their coloring—looked enough alike to have been brother and sister.

After a half-hour's drive through the suburban avenue the carriage turned in at an open gate and stopped before the broad stone door-sill of one of those vast "peasant-houses" which lie so thickly over the north of Germany. Eighty feet of side wall, window-pierced at regular intervals, and above, some two hundred yards of unbroken thatch sloping down with a great sweep at once shapeless and shapely. The windows were all on the ground-floor—the roof was unbroken by even a single gable. Under its brow the ancient doors, iron-crossed and re-crossed again, were suddenly thrown wide open—an old man appeared between them, and spoke a welcome behind the bend of his respect. They had descended from the carriage in silence; they murmured only some slight acknowledgment of the servant's courtesy, passed him, and entered.

The girl uttered an exclamation of surprise. And little wonder.

"What is this?" she asked.

"Most gracious," said the old man, bowing afresh, "this is *die diele*."

"They kept the cows and pigs and chickens and hay here once," said the young man, with a cold, clear intonation; "the decorators from Bremen will make a fine thing of it before June."

The girl's face flushed—the look in her eyes was one of absolute outrage and anger as she glanced up among the wealth of beams that netted their huge strength clear up to where the ridge-pole crowned their effort sturdily to support these tons of interwoven thatch.

"The living rooms are here," said the old man, leading to the left where three quaint doors peeped out from beneath a wooden gallery. The girl followed him, and the man followed her.

There were three rooms looking forth on a garden of gray shubberies. From the last of these three sprung a tiny stair that twirled twice about its central post and then arrived upstairs. Upstairs was a single large room.

"This can be made into two," said the man.

The angry flush shot over the girl's face again.

"You can have all this end of the house for yours," he continued, the scorn curling his lip again; "there are more at the other end for me."

She looked from the window and said nothing.

"We shall have the whole of the *diele* between us." He paused a second and then in a tone of biting contempt, added, "I will order bolts on every door."

She turned from the window. Scarlet

fury charged her eyes. "They wo'n't be needed on your doors," she added hoarsely.

"Nor on yours," he said with great distinctness. Then he turned suddenly and bade the servant go.

"Why do you do that?" she asked, still burning flame.

"Because I want to speak to you alone; and as this is my first and may be my last chance until the day that we come here, I choose to take advantage of it."

"Speak," she said, "only don't forget that I hate you." His lip curled again.

"I don't forget," he said. "I only want to ask you to remember—to remember—" he hesitated—"It's rather a rough thing to say to a woman," he said with an echo of apology behind his voice, "but it is hardly possible that this situation can be as bad for you as it is for me. Unless—" he hesitated again—"unless there is someone else."

She whirled towards him. "Is there someone else in your life?" she demanded.

"No," he said simply.

"I can say the same," she replied, and turned her back upon him again.

He looked toward her for a minute and his expression was a strange one.

"What I want to say is this," he said. "A year from now, six months from now all this will appear to you in a very different light. I am not pleading, but I ask you to consider that I am an even more unwilling victim than yourself, and I beg of you to believe me when I say that the future will be brighter if you can but force yourself to some show of courtesy when others are by, for a short period."

"I do treat you with courtesy," she said sharply. He stood behind her and spoke steadily—distinctly—

"I was poor—I had nothing except good blood and one chance of greatness. Because of my kinship and that possibility—that chance that might come—your father had me educated and gave me opportunities. I worked hard—I won much—I stood a show of being an especially fortunate and happy man,—if only—" he paused. There was silence "If my brother had not died!" she said at last as if impelled thereto.

"Yes," he said, with one single, deep-drawn breath, "if only that heavy blow had not fallen. I was summoned away from the land that is home to me, called to assume a title that is meaningless to me, and forced upon a woman who cares no more for me than I care for her—in fact, who hates me." He stopped.

"Yes, I do hate you," said the girl, her whole body trembling with feeling as she spoke, "I hate you and always will hate you. It is terrible that a man like you can come from anywhere and be forced upon me in this way."

"But it is not my fault," said the man. "I am a victim of the law of entail, just as you are yourself. And—and—I do assure you—if you will have a little patience—"

She turned quickly—"You think you can make me love you?" she exclaimed in a fresh passion—"never—never—"

He looked a little white.

"Not that—" he said—"I didn't say that—I didn't hope that."

She went towards the stair. At its head she stopped and looked coolly at him. "I will attempt to be courteous," she said, "but do not presume."

The slight sneer curled his lip again, "I shall be grateful for the courtesy," he told her, "and I have no inclination ever to presume."

They entered the *diele* again.

"It will be a good place for pistol practice," he remarked, as they crossed it on their way to the door, "it is rather too spacious for anything else."

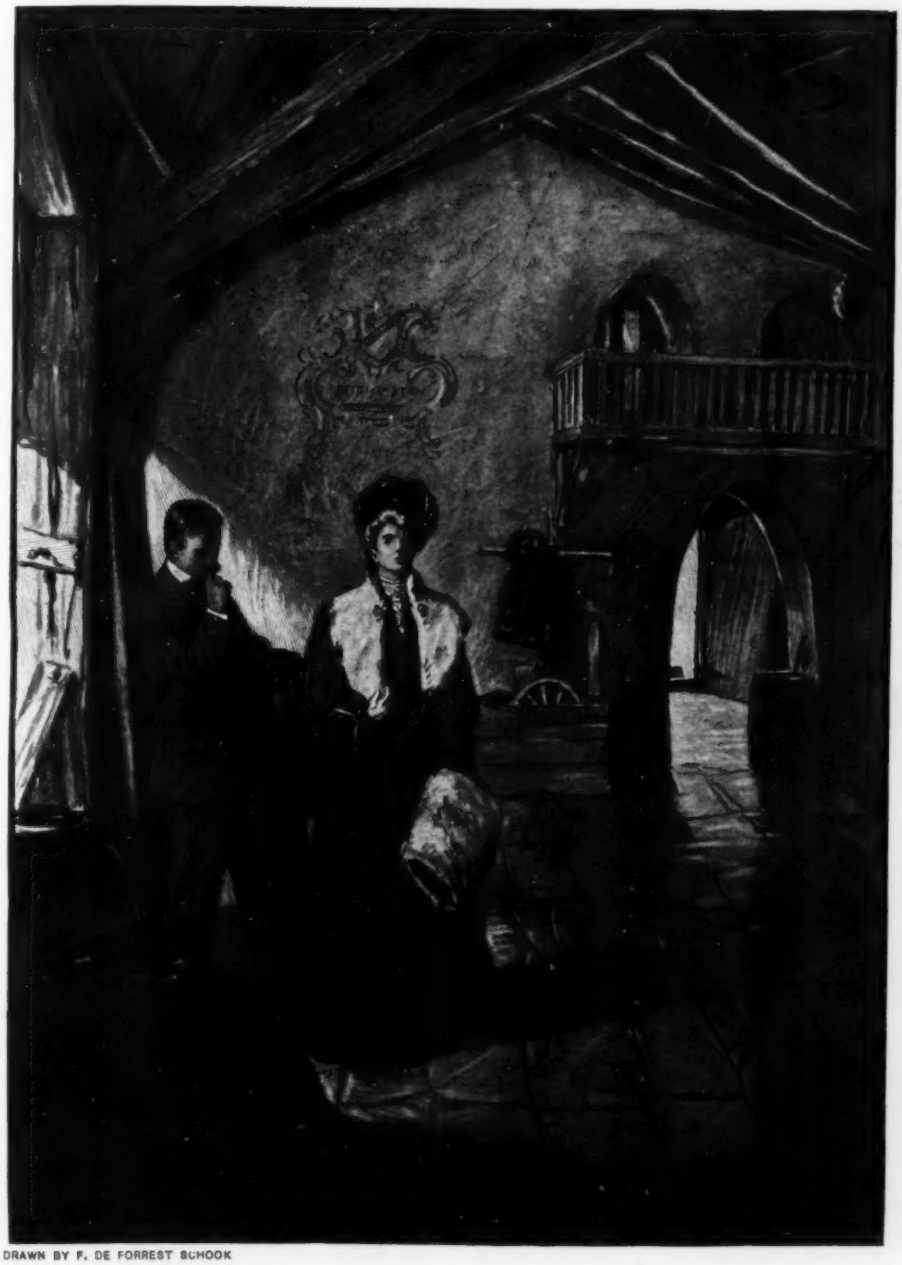
She glanced about again as she had before. "It is not too spacious to lie between your rooms and mine," she said and her words were steel and poison, "Heaven bless the *diele*."

They went to the carriage where the old servant waited to open its door for them.

A minute later they were rolling back toward Bremen. The place in which the honeymoon was to be spent had been approved by both the prospective, happy lovers.

Now it was the turn of the decorators from Bremen.

In the days of an earlier civilization, with whose simple customs we have now little sympathy and still less understand-



DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"The look in her eyes was one of absolute outrage and anger."

ing, the *diele* in a house as large as the one which we have seen was a place of great importance. Perhaps the needs of daily life pressed so closely each hour that the companionship of spirit between man and beast was of a stronger nature; perhaps the greater danger from that terrible enemy—the winter's cold—drove all who

DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"For more than four hundred years the old home had stood unchanged."

had warm blood to stand against it side by side; perhaps only convenience and economy of labor and material, led to the putting of one great roof over all that one man owned. At any rate, it was so—and it is still so in many country districts—and life is cleaner and fresher than you might expect, there behind those walls, where on one side of a stone partition two or three feet thick the cow and the calf, the sheep and the lambs, sleep nightly, while on the other the farmer's wife tucks her many babies each in its own warm box of a bed.

If there is trouble in the *diele* when it storms without, the master is quickly on the spot. If the weather is bad for many days a hundred timely tasks lie close at hand without the need of facing the wet and sleet. As it is, so it was, and as all others were, so was it with ours. For more than four hundred years the old house had stood unchanged, and then—when the wonderful spirit of the wonderful Nineteenth Century had revolutionized the world even to Bremen—it had altered this particular place but slightly.

It had first moved the horses and cows and hay and laid a wood floor over the *diele*, then it had ruined the descendant of four centuries of thrift and put his ancestor's home and his on the market for sale. The fashionable world was building villas in that direction, and some of the fashionables were remodeling the quaint old houses instead of erecting new ones. There was something marvelously delightful about the effect of such a piece of the Fifteenth Century, when set in this correct landscape gardening and fitted with plumbing and electric lights. It became *à la mode* to preserve all that was possible of the old style,—and that was largely the fortune of the decorators from Bremen.

They were skillful men—those decorators of Bremen—they looked about and measured somewhat and then they went to work in a manner at once deft and mysterious. Everything was completed by June. The day that the wedding was taking place in St. George's the florist was finishing his task outside the walls, and breezes from the ocean to the Weser were carrying the last faint odor of paint out of the *diele*. It was a transformed spot now. Its beams were a royal blue, picked out in golden traceries, the blue fading lighter and lighter as the shadows

climbed up in the roof, and down from the cross supports hung long forked banners of silken tapestry. The side walls were wainscoted, and above ran a script of ancient lettering. Over the long chimney shelf of the Bremen peasant house was enblazoned the escutcheon of an English nobleman. On the floor of the old, old room spread a vast and splendid Persian carpet. Down its middle stood a dining-table of carved black oak, with twelve chairs forming an interlacing screen-work around its sides. On the table towered a glass vase and two great wrought bronze candelabra. The next day when the Dover-Calais channel steamer was heading toward France they were bringing from Bremen the last piece of the furnishing for the house, namely—the little round breakfast table which was to be arranged behind the huge screen in the corner of the *diele*—arranged for the bride and groom.

The newly engaged German servants were all excitement as the hour of arrival drew near. The old *haus meister* mustered them carefully to their places. Twice carriage wheels drew near—and it was not the expected carriage. The third time the carriage turned in between the freshly trimmed hedges and stopped at the door. The *haus meister* was on the step bowing low. The other servants stood within, bowing and courtesying. There was a great bouquet to hand to the bride. She took it with a murmured word and no smile. She was a pale bride, and the bridegroom was even paler. They both looked very tired—very bored, too.

They never raised their eyes to look at the splendid room, nor its decorations,—nor its flowers. They never noticed the line of maids and men. They turned from each other within the *diele* and went, she to the left and he to the right, to those rooms on either side which had been fitted up with equal care if not with equal splendor.

They closed the doors after them. The servants stood as if turned to stone for a few seconds. Then they went softly away.

And the *diele* was left empty of all but its splendor.

The honeymoon had begun.

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, the bride came out into the garden. She had on a simple white frock, and carried a book in her left hand, but she did not seem inclined to read. Instead she wandered to and fro and then finally paused beside a tiny, splashing fountain, and stared down into its pearls and bubbles with cold and miserable eyes.

While she stood there, the man whom she had married came out of the house and down towards her. The noise of the trickling water prevented her from hearing his footsteps, and suddenly she was in his arms and had been kissed.

She screamed as she freed herself, and he—he laughed aloud. His face was bright and smiling—hers white with anger. She glanced quickly towards the house, and a form shrank back from the window.

"Some one saw!" she cried furiously.

He put his arm around her and turned so that her back was towards the house.

"I hope so," he said calmly. "Would I be likely to kiss except for the purpose of having it public?"

Her lips parted in astonishment.

"It was agreed—" she began.

But he interrupted quickly.

"It was agreed to put up a good front to the world until the problem could be adjusted. I promised you a speedy adjustment. I still promise it. But you forget that these servants are a part of the world. They must be somewhat imposed upon. "The *diele*," he hesitated, "the *diele* is so very wide," he added.

She flushed afresh. "What do you mean?" she asked haughtily. He laughed again. He could see another form at the other window.

"Only this," he said gaily, "only this,—that if you want to spare yourself, (not me, observe—only yourself!) you will show mercy today and be a little kind to me so that they all may see how well we do together."

She flashed a look of biting doubt into his eyes. He smiled, (the form was still outlined against the curtain), but inside he caught his lip in his teeth.

"Lady Angela," he said, "how am I to blame for being the last male heir? Do you think I would not rather be dead than submit to the circumstances which surround me?" She looked at the ground.

"Everything in me rises in hate against you," she said, but back of the harshness there stirred a note of apology.

He laughed merrily and put his arm about her again.

"Come, let us go down behind the shrubberies," he said, "and there, where no one can see us, we can sit apart in silence and in peace wish that we had never been born."

They moved away and his arm stayed about her until the pink flowers of a great blooming azalea hid them from view. But the instant that the azalea screened them she flung herself free.

"I submitted," she said, "but I do not understand and your touch teaches me afresh how I loath you."

There was no laughter on his lips then. He looked somberly at her agitation.

"I am unable to explain," he said with a gesture of helplessness. "I can only implore your consideration and swear to you that you will never regret such a kindness shown me."

There was deep appeal in his voice. She seemed touched.

"For how long?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly and shook his head.

"I will endeavor to treat you politely for one day," she said at last. Then, turning shortly, she added, "but don't presume." It was the old humiliating phrase.

The look of scorn crossed his face again.

"I will remember," he said, through set teeth.

They took luncheon quite pleasantly together that day, and went to drive afterwards (without a groom), and the old *haus meister* decided that it was but their cold English ways that made them as they were, and not some deep-seated enmity which was quite beyond the pale of his understanding.

When they returned from the drive *milord* went into his rooms and brought out a target and a case of pistols.

"I am going to teach you to shoot," he told *milady* with a smile, and began to fasten the target up against the old oak carven wainscoting of the *diele*.

Milady watched him with interest. He looked at her and nodded, laughing. "It's been rather a jolly day, don't you know!" he said, throwing her a kiss. "I'm very grateful to you."

She felt suddenly startled—and glanced quickly towards him. He was loading the pistol.

"My lady Angela," he said, looking through the sights and taking careful aim, "the law gives all to you when the last male heir is dead." Then he turned the pistol suddenly upon his own heart and fired.

The noise of the report seemed to rend the roof from the *diele*. The servants had expected nothing so loud as that when they had understood that *milord* was going to practice with his pistol. They hurried before they heard the single piercing shriek of the wretched young wife, and then they all came at once into the great hall where a man lay in a pool of blood, with a woman fainting on his bosom.

Autumn was drifting down from the north and in from the sea, the ocean was restless, even the Weser was more or less troubled along its placid length. Day after day the birds took flight for the southland, the dry brown leaves fled over the ground as if they, too, were birds seeking warmer spots to shelter in. The busy dawn of winter life hummed in the streets of Bremen, the smoke rose up from chimneys, the carts moving in and out of the city creaked on the hardened roads. The flowers in the garden were dead, the fountain in one garden had ceased to splash, and a great fire of logs burned bright in the huge fireplace of the *diele*. It was late in the afternoon, and the sunset was staining the floor with all the colors that shone in the emblazoned windows. There was a man before the fire, and his eyes were cast on the brightness of the colors. He smiled as he looked.

Then the rosy cheeked maid who offered the bouquet to the bride in June, crossed from behind with a teatray to the rooms beyond, and vanished between the draperies that hung in front of an open door. A moment after she returned and courtsied deeply.

"*Excellenz*," she said, with her eyes on the floor, "the tea is served."

The man smiled again; he went towards

DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"They turned from each other, she to the left and he to the right."

DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

"'I am going to teach you to shoot,' he told her with a smile."

the draperies, parted them with his right hand and entered.

Milady was waiting. She had on a loose gown of shining, shimmering silk; it was as blue as her eyes, and her eyes shone brighter than its radiance—a thousand times brighter. She raised them to his and then cast them quickly down upon the tea-table. Her hand shook and her voice shook.

"I hope you took no cold going out," she said hurriedly.

"No,—no cold," he told her, and then he laughed. "Why I'm quite well now—quite well, you know."

She started to pour the tea and her hand shook so that she spilt it in quite a sad manner.

"Let me pour it," he said, coming beside her. "I have a good arm left—worth more than your two, I do believe."

Her lip quivered.

He poured the tea.

"Come and sit down," he said, taking up his cup and going towards a little cushioned corner that had a convenient

tabouret beside it. She followed him, carrying her own cup.

"I ought to take yours, too," he said apologetically, "but you know, I can't."

She put her cup down, hid her face in her hands and began to cry.

"Oh," she sobbed, "I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it. It was not the pistol that maimed you for life, it was I—it was I—it was I. And I might have been your murderess, too, so easily, so easily."

He turned his face toward her and laid his hand upon her arm,

"Angela," he said, very gently, "not that—never that."

"Oh, yes," she said, sobbing still harder, "I can understand everything now. Because of what my father had done for you, you had to marry me, and then, and then when you saw how cold and cruel I was you—you—"

His arm was around her waist—his lips upon her forehead. She continued—"You wanted to rid me of you and you deliberately—deliberately—deliberately—"

A very low sweet laugh sounded from his lips.

"My darling," he said, "I wo'n't have you torment yourself,—I'm not the hero you suppose. If I had been I should have killed myself before I ever saw you. But the soldier in me was strong and cried for a fighting chance at life, and—as a matter of fact—I—well, I aimed well above my heart. Do you despise me afresh now?"

"Despise you!" she was looking up at him in a wonder of joy,—"I think it was so very clever in you. Only why did you shatter your shoulder if you were planning it all."

He kissed her—laughing. "I'm afraid I was a bit nervous after all," he confessed.

They sat still and the tea grew cold untasted.

"It was such a nasty mess," he said at last, "a title and a wife, and no way to hold either except in law."

She turned toward him and clasped her two arms close around his neck.

"But you hold them other ways now," she said, and kissed him, with all her heart, upon his lips.

The *haus meister* was crossing the *diele*; he heard the echo of the kiss and smiled.

In point of fact, there was no longer any *diele*, only a country seat with a large hall.

Arizona Al's Ascension

BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

Ordinarily it is unwise, not to say unsafe, to tell another man's story. The other man may really have heard it from "a friend" and it is an even chance that the "friend" read it long years before. When such is proved to be the case, the unfortunate who writes the tale is immediately confronted by a jibbering, grinning horde whose members individually and collectively fling charges of plagiarism in his teeth. And yet it happens now and then that the risk is worth the taking. In the case of Pete's story, however, there is absolutely no risk, for, two months after the night Pete told the yarn I was placed in a position to verify his statements; no, not his statements, exactly, but his facts. It may be that when I am done you will call the story unworthy of the telling. It didn't seem so to me, when I heard it from Pete's lips, as a round moon lifted its crown over the wall of rock across the river and flooded the canyon with quivering silver light. The low cadences of Pete's voice were the only sounds about us save now and then when a stick popped on the fire or Evans' heel scraped on the rock as he lazily thrust forth a foot to push a detached ember back among the coals.

We had traveled far that day and were tired. Until the moon crept up to the rim of the canyon and poised there I had half given 'way to a delicious drowsiness. My pipe had gone out. Down the length of my outstretched body I remember having watched Pete as he rolled a cigarette with

one hand, an accomplishment he had learned from the greasers. The process always fascinated me; I had tried it a hundred times, but, in the face of failure, had always reverted to a pipe that had grown thin and infirm with age.

"That moon up there," Evans said, "looks like a big white balloon."

"It shore does," Pete agreed. Then he chuckled.

"What's the matter?" Evans asked.

Pete snapped the match away and exhaled a funnel of blue smoke.

"Did I ever tell you fellows 'bout the time Arizona Al Adams went up?" he inquired.

"Went up where?" asked Evans.

"In a b'loon."

Evans shook his head. I sat up. "What happened, Pete?" I said, "and who is Arizona Al?"

"Adams, his name was b'rights, Al Adams; but we used to call him 'Arizona,' 'cause he shore was plum nutty on this territory. Shot a greaser once 'cause he said th' t'rantulars was bigger in New Mexico than they was in Arizony."

DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"Lay still like he was a horned toad."

Pete chuckled and regarded his cigarette; Evans winked at me.

"Mebbe he hadn't ought t' done it but the greaser ought to 'a' known. I knew Al, knew him well. Him and me was together 'bout eight weeks with the Bar-Y outfit over east, six or seven years ago. He wasn't much good, though, never lasted long; come and go like he wasn't responsible. Sorter wash into camp with a cloud burst and drift away again with the succeedin' washout. Sociable cuss enough, but in them days they wasn't payin' for sprightly conversation on the range. Took t' minin' after a spell an' got out o' town jest a couple o' rods ahead of the sheriff. But he had nerve; sometimes I've thought that was about all he did have.

"But he never showed it but once when they was wimmen around; whenever he heard a skirt ruffle, save on the occasion I've referred to, he'd jes' curl up like a rattler and lay still like he was a horned toad. At a dance I've known him to git up from sittin' by an open window and sneak out 'round the house in the dark t' spit. He was that skairt. It was 'cause he shied at calico like he did that all us boys knew when the sandstorm of love did hit him, he'd go all t' pieces and mebbe lay right down and die without a wiggle, like a jack rabbit that gits a clip, suddenlike and unexpected, on the back of the neck. So we all used t' have our eyes peeled day 'n night for the buddin' young critter that it was wrote in the cards would steal Al's heart away.

"The minute she showed up and we seen how Al was lookin' at her out of the tail of his eye, like he was spyin' out the brand, we all knew she was It. She was a balloon lady from Denver."

"A female aeronaut, eh?" Evans corrected.

Pete spat. "The same," he said. "One of them fair creatures that goes up in pink tights hangin' on the bar with one toe an' wavin' kisses at th' multitude below that 'r nearly dislocatin' their Adam's apples gazin' up at her. She was billed to make an ascension and a drop for life with a parachute all to celebrate the natal

DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"Arizony Al talkin' low and solemn like with a lady." See page 630

day of our great an' glorious republic, the place bein' Douglas, Arizony."

"Down at Douglas, hey?" exclaimed Evans. You see, I didn't know as much as he, being a tenderfoot in good standing.

Pete nodded. "Ever been there?"

"No, but I've heard of the town," Evans said.

"Well, it's a good deal of a town now, but in those days it consisted of a hospital for them that like to die in a desert home, and a smelter with a powerful high stack that you could see for miles around. It boasted of eighteen parlors where man could quench his thirst, a ho-tel, a couple of assay offices and the 'Doc,' he bein' the man in charge of the lungers' retreat, and a better feller never presided over the obsequies that he had done his best to delay, in this territory or any other. It was the Doc's idea—the celebration, I mean. 'Course they'd had 'em before out here, down't Phoenix and up at Flagstaff and once they had a celebration to Will-

iams that would curl your hair, but never in Douglas. So the Doc he wrote up to Denver and engaged the lady and the balloon. She probably needed the money powerful to come so far for it, and mebbe she had other reasons; leastways, she come, 'bout five days in advance of the event.

"Well, the news of the celebration sifted through the territory and the people started to arrive 'long about a week before the Fourth. I was among 'em; so was Al, though we didn't come together. Charley Austin was runnin' the smelter 'bout a mile back of town, and he bein' an old friend I bunked with him. Couple o' days I hung around the place watchin' Charley work, and guess I could run a blast up a stack myself with what I learned from seein' him do it.

"The Fourth came on a Thursday that year, and Tuesday evenin' me and Charley went up to town. It was then I seen Al and the lady. They was sittin' on the end of the hospital porch, and when I butted into 'em I nearly sat down on one of them cactuses eastern folks take home in baskets to bloom on their steps. Arizony Al talkin' low and solemn like with a lady—well, me and Charley had to go and git a drink to save our strength and oil our vocal machinery, for the sight of them two sittin' there like a couple of soft and meek-eyed tabbies was sure enough to tie the tongue of any man. Later in the evenin' when I got a good look at the balloon lady I couldn't say I blamed Al much.

"She seemed so kind o' out-o' place down there with a lot of orey-eyed cowpunchers, and parboiled miners, and lungers, and desert-ladies with records back east, that I felt real sorry for her. She wasn't any bigger'n a minute, with a face like a baby's, and blue eyes, and brown hair that looked like it would be nice to play with—you know the kind. Looked like she ought to be picked up and carried off and fed ice cream all her life. She was so retirin'-like, and modest, seemed a plum shame for her to put on tights.

"When Al seen me he didn't turn a hair. He jes' called me over and had me shake hands with the Baby, and she blushed and looked down, and I got away soon's I could. I was there with 'em long enough, however, to see that Al was all in, plum shot to pieces; soft and mushy-like, you know, and the looks he give her seemed to say: 'Won't you please lemme lay down here while you kick me in the face?'

" 'Long about 'leven o'clock Charley and me was settin' in the Chloride Saloon when Al drifted in. He looked worried. He sat down by us, and when I asked him to have a drink he said, 'No, he guessed he wouldn't.' Charley ups and puts it right to him then, what was the matter, was he sick or had a t'rantular bit him? He shook his head and said it was the Lady. I asked him what was the matter with her and he told us she had been complainin' for the last three days and was afraid she wouldn't be able to go up. I looked at Charley and Charley looked at Al. I guess we was all thinkin' about the same thing. It was clear to me what them three or four hundred punchers that was gittin' drunker and drunker by the minute would do if the Doc's little old show missed fire. Al told us not to say anything about it, and mebbe the lady would be all right after a day—the Doc it seemed was dosin' her all the time, then, and thought mebbe she'd be O. K. to go up.

"All day Wednesday I hung around town with my ears open but I didn't hear any thing that would lead me to believe any of the boys had got next. And that night Al told Charley and me—whispered it to us in the Monte saloon—that the Lady was all in, and couldn't hold her head up. It was a sad case, accordin' to Al. Seems she'd told him the story of her life like some wimmin do on short acquaintance and it wasn't one that would cause a feller, 'specially a feller like Al, to double up and break a blood vessel laffin'.

"She'd married a feller a couple of years before, a ballooner, and he'd broke her into the business. Then one day his parachute didn't open and they soaked him out of the ground with blottin' paper and benzine. All he left her was the balloon. There wasn't nothin' doin' in Denver and she was about all in. Seems the Doc had had to advance her the

money for her ticket, and now she was sick and couldn't go up and that hundred and fifty she'd counted on was slippin' through her fingers.

"A blind man could see Al was all worked up; it was plum pathetic, it shore was. It was kind o' touchin' to me, too, but there didn't seem to be anything t' do. You see you couldn't go out in the desert and pick up ballooners like you could cactuses. Nature'd have to take her course, only I was leery what would happen to the town when them punchers cut loose with two guns apiece and their systems well oiled. All of a sudden Al ups and says:

" 'Boys, somebody's got to go up. The lady needs the money; she needs it bad. By Gawd, I'm agoin' to git it for her!'

"And with that he leaves us sittin' there lookin' at each other and wonderin' if the Lady's eyes or the two drinks Al had poured into him had made him buggy.

"Then Charley said: 'Pete, it is fair clear to my mind that unless we have an overwhelmin' desire to be shipped north in a couple of plain boxes marked "Don't Stand on End," the place for us t'morrow is right down by that little old smelter. I never did care for b'loon ascensions, noways.'

"To which I agreed, havin' no longin' myself t' investigate the roots of the daisies from below. So the next day, till it was all over, me and Charley stayed by that smelter; he busy with the fire, me waitin' and listenin' for the first shot.

"The ascension was billed for half past twelve so's t' give the Lady time t' catch that afternoon's Overland providin' there was any occasion. It was just about that time that me and Charley went out in front of the building a ways to see what we could see. Mebbe some folks would say 'twasn't so, but you boys know this air out here well enough t' believe me when I say that at the hour prescribed we heard a yell over in town. Charley looked at me and I looked at Charley. He run back into the office and dug up an old pair of glasses that somebody 'd left there. Mebbe we didn't hold our wind. And while we was holdin' of it a big round somethin' rose above the roofs of Douglas and kep' on risin'. It was all clear; the Lady had been able t' go up after all. It was easin' to know it, I can tell you. Charley, meantime, was focussin' them glasses. He took one good look, dropped 'em in the sand and laid down and rolled, yellin' fit t' kill. It didn't take me as long as it does to tell it to have a look myself and when I see what was danglin' to that b'loon I didn't blame Charley.

"It was Al.

DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"By this time me and Charley was lookin' straight up." See page 633

DRAWN BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"Al landed easy behind the smelter,"

"There he hung while the b'loon rose higher an' higher, his legs kickin' in forty-'leven directions like the needle of a bum compass, an' tryin' as near as I could make out, to swing up over the bar.

" 'Fer Gawd's sake, lemme have another look!' Charley yelled and I gave him the glasses.

"Well, bimeby Al he got his leg over and we breathed easier. All the time the b'loon was goin' higher and higher as I've said. All of a sudden she must have been hit by a different current for she dipped and then came a soarin' over our way straight as an arrow an' almost as fast. Mebbe she was a thousand feet up, mebbe more, mebbe less. By this time me and Charley was lookin' straight up.

" 'Ain't the dam' fool goin' t' drop?' says Charley.

" 'I ain't posted,' says I.

"And then, while we looked we both see the blamed ijit was gittin' the parachute ready.

" 'He' comin' down!' yells Charley.

" 'The Lady must have told him when,' says I.

"I hadn't no more'n got the words out o' my mouth when he cut loose. Down he came, like the whole business was lead, then the umbreller opened and I jes' had to yell. She was settlin' easy; the b'loon was turnin' over and driftin' to the north. Then Charley lets out a rip you could hear from Salt Lake t' Bright Angel.

" 'He's comin' down th' stack!' he yelled, and then I see what he meant. Sure as lightnin' Al was bound for the stack. There wasn't nothin' could help him. The diameter of that hole up there would let his hull body slip in smooth as a ca'tridge; an' it was plain Al didn't know. Then Charley did the only thing to do. Yellin' at me t' let him know when Al was 'bout fifteen feet above the hole he ducked into the smelter like he was sent for. My eyes was stickin' out of my head like loose buttons; then I yelled. Charley heard me and put on that blast. Al, that minute, must have thought he'd dropped into the bosom of a hull hurricane family. He kicked like a steer but he didn't leggo. The blast Charley sent up that stack done the work; it lifted Al and that umbreller of his'n like they was a thistle, Al all the time keepin' his legs goin'. It was that as saved him. His agitations kind o' propelled the thing t' one side and once outside the up-shootin' current she began t' settle. Al, he landed easy, 'bout three hundred yards behind the smelter. 'Fore me 'n Charley could git out there he'd gathered up that umbreller and was runin' fer town like he was locoed.

"But he seen us and as he passed he yelled 'Much 'bliged!' as if it wa'n't o' no more consequence than as if we'd helped him tighten a cinch. Me and Charley sat right down there and laffed till I thought we'd bust.

"It was about four o'clock when we got to town and the first man I see was the Doc. He was smilin' like he'd found a new baby at home.

" 'Where's Al?' I says.

" 'Al,' he says. 'Al's gone.'

" 'Gone? Gone where?' I says.

" 'Why him and th' Lady took the Overland at 3:12. We're goin' t' ship the b'loon to 'em at Denver.'

I looked at Charley and Charley looked at me.

" 'Le's go git a drink,' says he.

" 'You're goin' to stay for the fire works this evenin', ain't you?' said Doc.

" 'Fireworks be blamed!' says Charley. And we went down to the Chloride leavin' the Doc standin' there laffin'.' "

Pete stretched.

"Takin' it all 'round," he observed, "I guess it was 'bout the most successful b'loon ascension ever pulled off in the territory; leastways it was for Al."

In Love and War

BY ETHEL SIGSBEE SMALL

This is going to be a story of love and adventure; also intrigue, also shame. It's going to be one of those stories where you forget what room you're in, and get a pain in the back of your neck. It's going to be exciting, and it's going to be awful. I wonder I dare write it.

Sometimes my friends—that is, my ignorant friends, and you can't help having a few ignorant friends no matter how smart you are—sometimes my friends say to me: "Why do you always tell what your stories are going to be about, Julie? Real authors don't do that."

My reply is generally a mere snort; that is usually enough to sort of melt them away or keep them standing around looking silly; but when they are one of these stupid, bold-faced people who can't understand anything unless it is spoken, I tell them that the best and oldest authors did that very thing. I am glad they did, for I couldn't help doing it if they hadn't.

I don't know, but I think it makes a story more thrilling to tell you a little before you begin; just enough to make you curious. Now that I have said this is about love and intrigue and adventure and shame, you want to read it, don't you? And if I had begun with "Down a drowsy woodland lane a lad was walking—" you would probably have put it down, wouldn't you? I knew it! So you see I and the rest of the authors knew what we were about, didn't we?

But, perhaps, I'd better talk a little about myself. I'm Julie Martin. You've never heard of me? Well, you don't go to our school, then. You wouldn't be so ignorant if you did. I hate to boast, but the children in my room don't try for prizes any more; they know they wo'n't get them.

Our school paper is called "School-Day Thoughts," and I do most of the thinking. That's where all of my stories are published. You can get any of them by just calling at the school and asking to see the principal and telling what numbers you want and mentioning my name. I hope you'll do it. They are all simple tales; quite different from this one.

I never thought the day would come when I should write this story. Love, I said to myself, I will write about, and adventure—even intrigue—but I always thought there would be nothing in my stories to raise the blush of shame on my reader's cheek. It is a terrible blow to me to think that I cannot boast that I have never caused a reader's blush to rise, but I am afraid I can't if I write this story. And I am going to write it. I've quite made up my mind. When I get to the blushing part I am going to shut my eyes and write fast and get over it, but I am going to write it. There wouldn't be any story if I left it out. So now I've prepared everybody and it wo'n't be too late for you to stop reading if you're afraid. I'd like to say I'm not the heroine, and that the blushing hasn't anything to do with me.

The heroine is Sylvia Snow. Sylvia is my chum and just my age—thirteen last autumn—and the prettiest girl in the world. She's as pretty as an actress, all over pink and white powder and red lips and black eye-lashes, and with Sylvia it's all real. This incident in Sylvia's life occurred last summer when she was twelve. Let her youth plead for her, and anyway, it wasn't altogether her fault. Now I'm beginning the story, so you'd better stop reading if you're a minister, or a school teacher, or a very young child. I've begun.

One day Kittie Davis said to me:

"There's some new people moving in next door to us." The set were all in my yard playing, Sylvia, Kittie, Bessie, Clara Louise, and the rest, and we all stopped jumping rope and said together:

"Any children?" We get in the habit of calling young girls and boys children, and we even forget and call ourselves children, sometimes. I suppose it's

because we've been children so long. "Any children?" we said.

"Three," said Kittie. Then we all jumped up and ran out of the yard and down to Kittie's house and sat on her front steps and watched.

They moved in a piano, and a lot of chairs, and the sweetest desk, and a little brass bedstead like mine, and a dining room table and so many things we simply couldn't keep track of them. Then all of a sudden a little girl ran out of the house and stood looking up the street. She was a cute looking child of about eleven, with yellow hair like a doll. We were a little disappointed, because we thought there might be someone our own age, but we smiled at her, nevertheless, and she smiled shyly back. Then someone else came out of the house. This one was a boy about seven. He was a red-headed little boy, and when he saw us he made a face and the little doll-girl scolded him. We felt rather insulted and were going to stroll up to my house, when another boy came out of the house.

Would that I had a pen worthy to describe this boy! That isn't exactly what I mean; my pen is all right. Would that I had a mind to describe—I guess that's what I mean, though my mind is all right, too,—to describe Jim Dimpkins.

Picture Adonis as he must have looked at thirteen; picture him with a brown suit on, and a straw hat with a blue band; picture him with curling gold-brown tresses and a red tie. You may then, in some small measure, perceive the beauty of this exquisite youth.

"My goodness!" said Kittie; and we all said "My goodness!"—all except Sylvia. Sylvia said nothing. Was this an omen? A real author would say it was.

The boy sat on the railing of the porch and tilted over so far we almost screamed; then he caught up the red-haired boy and pummelled him and made him stand on his head. Then he began to whistle, the sweetest whistle, like a bird's, and then he began showing the little girl with the yellow hair his muscle. All of a sudden he looked up and saw us. You never saw a more surprised boy!

He had such a bright, smiling face we couldn't help smiling a little back at him, and then he raised his hat. Then, suddenly, he picked the little yellow-headed girl up, set her on his shoulders, and came across to where we were. The little girl was very shy and hid her face and wouldn't say a word, but the boy wasn't shy, and so we didn't feel shy either.

"I'm so glad there are some nice girls here," he said smiling. "I didn't want to come to Oldtown a bit, but I'm glad I came now!"

Wasn't that cute? He was always like that; awfully bright and quick. Then he asked us all our names, and told his and the little girl's—which was Nellie—and then he sat down on the steps and began talking, and we all began talking, as if we had been children together.

That was the beginning. I tell you this incident of our meeting with Jim Dimpkins to let you see a little of his fascination. I might just say he was fascinating, but it wouldn't be the same. Now, I feel you can understand and appreciate how it was we all fell in love with him.

Life was a very beautiful thing for us girls after we met Jim. You never saw such crimps and curls in your life, or such starchy dresses. Our mothers didn't have to beg us to change our dresses for the afternoon then. When people from Dalesborough would come into Oldtown—Oldtown is a suburb of Dalesborough, you know—they would think there was a picnic, or someone was hurt; but it was only us girls gathered round Jim Dimpkins. You couldn't see Jim, and it used to worry strangers to know what we were staring at.

Ah, Jim, I can see you now! Now that I know you base, and all unworthy of our young loves; even now my heart gives something like a thrill as I ponder on your beauty. Your blue eyes, Jim, and your mop of ruffled curls, and your white teeth, and the dimple in your chin. We all raved about that chin, Jim! None of the boys had shoulders as broad and strong as you; none of the boys walked with that careless, graceful swing; none of the boys could whistle a

blue-bird's call or jump Kittie's fence or skip stones across the pond like you. But even if they could, they wouldn't have been you, for you were Jim!

I don't know how it happened, or quite what we did it for, but I think it was because Jim didn't pay any more attention to one of us than to the other, and we were sort of wild for excitement of some sort. Anyway we wrote it, and we didn't think it was a crime until afterward.

I say Jim didn't pay any more attention to one than to the other; but, of course, that's counting out Sylvia. From the first Jim picked her out. It was only as it should have been, because Sylvia was the prettiest, if not the brightest—she was next to the brightest. And it was only natural Jim should think she was the nicest. He was awfully nice to all of us, too, and it was only sometimes we thought he liked Sylvia best. I don't believe Sylvia thought so at all, but then not any of us knew what Sylvia thought; she didn't say anything to anybody. But we girls were jealous of Sylvia—yea, even I, though I fought it day and night—and so, just to soothe our outraged feelings, we wrote the note. There were only four in it; the rest got scared and dropped out. I composed most of it and Kittie did the writing. It said:

Dear Jim—

Did you ever stop to think that I am not nearly as bright as some of the other girls, even if I am pretty? Now there is Julie, and Kittie, and Bessie, and Clara Louise—

(Clara made us put her in, but she is really the stupidest girl in the set.)

—all these girls are brighter than me. I should think you would like bright girls. And anyway Kittie has lovely eyes, and Bessie's hair is just like mine, I know Julie is not beautiful, but there are many who think her very nice looking, and she certainly is brighter than all of us put together.

(They made me scratch out that and put "brighter than I am.")

I hope you won't walk home from school with me any more, because I'd rather you'd walk with some of the other girls. And anyway, I like Jack Murray. Your friend,

Sylvia Snow.

When we had written and sealed it, Clara Louise said she would take it out and post it. That's just like Clara! As if we were going to do anything so commonplace. We waited until night, and in the dusk, when the children were playing "Tag" and "Pussy-Wants-a Corner," and the streets were full of people walking in the evening's cool, we slipped away and poked the letter underneath Jim's door. It was addressed to "Mr. Jim Dimpkins," and underneath was "Urgent." That's what Sylvia's big sister puts on her notes, sometimes.

The next day was the last day of school. We had speeches and poems and essays and the dearest white dresses you ever saw. After it was all over we strolled out in a bunch, all the set, every girl in white and every girl talking. Suddenly every one of us stopped. There was a silence so you could have heard a pin drop, and then we all began talking harder than ever. Jim Dimpkins was strolling out of school.

"I'm warm," said Sylvia; "you girls stroll on." And she began dropping behind.

Everybody was lagging a little, but I caught Kittie's arm and hurried her on. To tell the truth I was almost afraid to see Jim after that note. The girls caught the fear and went on with me. Those who hadn't been in the note kept on lagging, but Sylvia lagged so much harder they got discouraged and caught up with us. Then a thrilling thing happened.

Jim came striding along. We did not look back, but we could all imagine that long, jaunty step and hear his whistle clear as a blue-bird's coming nearer and nearer. Soon he was beside Sylvia. I turned then and saw her raise her eyes, and smile, suiting her step to his. Jim took off his cap and bowed to her. Then on he came, and Sylvia was left far behind. I'm afraid our hearts sang for joy then; I suppose it was wrong, but we couldn't stop them. Jim was up to us, walking at our side.

"Hello, Jim," we said, each one trying to smile the sweetest.

"Hello," he said—*nobody* ever said "Hello" like Jim—and then—Jim went striding off into the distance.

Well, we felt pretty badly, but finally we "note girls" reasoned that anyway it was better to have Jim walk home alone than to have him walk home with Sylvia. But the girls who hadn't been in the note were furious. They blamed everything on the note and us. They said that Jim had only walked home with Sylvia now and then, anyway, and that he had walked home with the set lots of times, and that now he wasn't going to walk home with anybody. Oh, they simply raved.

But you ought to have seen Sylvia. She went quietly home, and when we asked her if she wasn't going to come back after she'd changed her dress, to play "Old-Man-Across-the-Street," she said "No," in such a weak little tired voice, it almost scared us. But we felt lots sorrier for ourselves than for Sylvia, just the same.

We had all been looking forward so to vacation, thinking that then we would have Jim all day long, with no teacher to keep us from looking at him, and no lessons to distract our minds; and now, here was vacation, golden day followed by golden day, no lessons, no teacher, no duties, and—no Jim.

We suffered cruelly those days. It makes me melancholy to remember even now. Kittie's house was the favorite. We would sit on her front steps and sit and sit, and sometimes Jim would stroll out of his house and take off his cap—oh, those gold-brown curls!—but he would never, never stop. And we would watch him until he was out of sight, and then all sigh. We just couldn't help it.

After a while we got so desperate we began going to see Nellie, Jim's sister. We were there one day so long that some of the parents got worried and had people out hunting us. Finally, lots of the mothers said lots of us weren't to go there again unless specially invited. But though we went with Nellie and sacrificed ourselves by playing dolls and other childish games, we never were rewarded. We never saw Jim. He kept out of the house when we were in it; and when meals drove him indoors, of course meals drove us out. It was very difficult and very, very sad.

Sylvia did not go with us much those days. She would not go to Nellie's, and she would not sit on Kittie's steps. So, as we were always either at Nellie's or on Kittie's steps, we naturally could not be together. I don't know how she passed the time, but I think she must have stayed in the house a lot, because she grew quite pale and a little thin. Her mother even made her go to the doctor's twice a week, and I heard she was being treated for indigestion. We girls hoped it was indigestion, but our consciences weren't sure.

All this time the girls who had been too scared to be in the note were getting madder and madder. They blamed everything on us and the note, and asked us what good we thought we had done by writing it. When we stood up for ourselves they swooped down and fairly scorched us with words. When we didn't stand up for ourselves, but admitted we had done wrong, they swooped down on us and fairly scorched us with words. They said signing another person's name was against the law, and we could all be arrested for it. They were awfully unpleasant.

There was a circus coming to Oldtown on the 28th. We had been waiting for that circus for ages. It always came every June, and it was always the same and always lovely. The boys would ask the girls to go and we would all go, two by two, and sit a little apart from the others, and pretend we were all by ourselves, with just the boy. Last year I went with Jack Darton and thought that I had known happiness. This year Jack asked me to go again and I knew I had tasted sorrow. I wanted to go with Jim, too.

I told Jack I would let him know later, and all the girls told all the other boys they'd let them know later, too. We were all hoping against hope that Jim would ask us in the meantime. There wasn't a girl of us who didn't cherish a dream in those days. It was that some soft evening, when we had on one of our

prettiest dresses and were all neat and cool and dainty, Jim would walk up and doff his cap and ask us to let him speak to us for a minute. Then we would walk off with him, with all the girls looking enviously on, and when we got to the old Jones place, where there is a stone wall covered with wild roses, we would pause and he would smile and show the dimple in his cheek and say:

"Will you go with me to the circus?"

That was our dream. We knew it would come true to only one, but each one fondly hoped that one was to be she. But if Jim was going to ask one of us he certainly didn't show it. We heard that he had taken to baseball, and we used to walk by the field sometimes and pick out his goldy head in the muddle of dark ones. If he saw us he would bow in his courtly manner, and if we were near enough, his musical "Hello, girls" would be borne to our ears, but nothing more. Kittie used to say she believed Jim wasn't real; that he was only a Fairy Prince, and if we touched him he would vanish. But we never got near enough to prove it. Ah me!

We used to pump Nellie all we could, but she was rather a stupid child; and when we asked her how Jim seemed when he came in at night, she would say "Hungry." And when we asked if she thought he liked any one girl particularly, she said "Yep—me!" There was nothing clever about Nellie.

But one day she did tell us something all unwitting. She said that Jim had set the curtains of his room on fire and that his father was furious. And when we asked how he did it, all listening breathlessly—for any news of Jim was as water to a thirsting desert—she said he had said he had dropped a match, but that he had really been burning a photograph. We knew he had a photograph of Sylvia, and our hearts were gay. Nellie said she could show us the pieces; but when she ran up with them, there was Kittie's head and my nose and Bessie's legs and lo, it was the whole set in a group we had had taken in April. After that we felt sort of sick.

The day of the circus was coming nearer and nearer, and the boys were getting impatient. Several of them said, if we didn't let them know soon whether we were going with them, they wouldn't take us at all, but get some girls from Dalesborough. Imagine our feelings and pity us! Jim seemed no nearer to asking us than before, yet we couldn't promise one of the other boys and run the risk of being promised when Jim asked us. And over all was the terrible fear of losing the circus altogether.

We felt so wrought up and miserable that one of the girls, Clara Louise I think, said we might as well tell who wrote the note and let Jim ask Sylvia to go to the circus and be done with it. We were almost ready to agree with her, until I asked Tom Jackson who was going to take Sylvia to the circus and he said: "Why, none of us fellows. Jim Dimpkins is going to take her, of course, isn't he?" After that we made up our minds we just wouldn't tell about that note, not if we never went to a circus again in all our lives.

But wonderful are the ways of Fate. Fate decided that Jim Dimpkins should know about that note; and the girls who had not been in it decided the same thing at the same time. Of the cold blooded treachery of their act I will say little. We had erred, it is true, but our sin had been done in the storm and stress of passion and jealousy and love. There was nothing but cold-blooded meanness about this last act in a story seething with unrighteous deeds; this act of six girls who had been too big "'fraid cats" to write the note themselves, and had to turn "tattletales."

I wish to brand the name of "Cat" on Winifred Adams, Mamie Brown, Emily Evans, Rosebud Richards, Hilda Carrington, and Evelyn Bates.

The way we found it out was like this. We four girls were sitting on Kittie's steps, our eyes glued hungrily on the Dimpkins door, when it opened and out came Jim. We all sat up and pushed back our hair and smoothed down our skirts and straightened our ribbons. That courtly bow of Jim's was all we had to live for now, you see. But what did Jim do but pass us by without a glance, and we all noticed that his mouth

was set and firm and the dimple in his chin quite gone! Without a glance! Think what it meant to us! We turned and gazed into each other's eyes, aghast, the horrible truth filling our very souls.

"Those meanies!" Had the girls been there, I verily believe they had been slain.

Well, our anger ran its course, and after fury and desire for revenge came humiliation. I don't think I ever felt so insignificant in all my life. And all the girls felt the same way. We knew that in Jim Dimpkins' eyes we were no more than the dust beneath his feet, And being dust isn't pleasant. We all of us said we had nothing left in life to live for. We often spoke of death and "making an end to it all." We all thought of different methods, but in one way they were all the same; the deed was to be done at Jim Dimpkins' feet. However, we didn't do it, and as things happened, we are rather glad we didn't.

Sylvia went out of town the very day the six "Cats" told on us. Her mother sent her up to her Aunt Catherine's for a week, and said she hoped Sylvia would come back fatter and rosier. So one whole week we were alone with Jim in Oldtown. But what joy did we get from it? None. Never once did he look our way; never once did he walk on our side of the street; never once did he raise his cap or let us hear the music of his voice. Clara Louise said that if Jim would just say "Hello girls," once in the old way, she felt she could die calm, if not happy. That's the way we all felt.

After the week was up, Sylvia came back and she wasn't any fatter or rosier either. I met her on the street coming from the station with her mother. They stopped and Mrs. Snow said:

"I'm going to send Sylvia down to play with you girls tonight. She has been away a whole week and has lots to tell about. Where is the meeting place —Kittie's? Well, Sylvia will be there at seven."

Sylvia looked as if she wanted to be anywhere else at seven, but her mother only smiled at me and then at Sylvia and said: "Little girls shouldn't quarrel," and then went on, promising that Sylvia would be at Kittie's in the evening.

We hadn't meant to meet at Kittie's at all that evening. We had meant to stay quietly in our homes and sit in the dark and ponder on the cruelty of Fate; but when I told the girls what Sylvia's mother had said, they agreed with me that it wouldn't be polite to have Sylvia come all the way to Kittie's and then find none of us there. So we all said we would meet there. Of course I don't mean the whole set when I say all. Naturally the six "Tattle-tales" were not coming. If they had they'd have wished they hadn't.

It was beautiful that evening. It was the twenty-first of June, the longest day in the year. Daylight lingered and lingered and then melted into twilight so peacefully you didn't know when it had gone. Then stars came out in the blue sky, and the little gold thread of a moon brightened and brightened. We girls had been sitting on Kittie's steps over an hour when Sylvia came. She looked as if she had been crying, and I think perhaps she had made a fuss about coming and her mother had insisted. She didn't seem a bit jolly, and if she did have a lot of things to tell about, as her her mother said, she kept them to herself. We were all very nice to her and talked and tried to cheer her up, but she was awfully hard to cheer. She just sat with her chin in her palms and her elbows on her knees, looking out through her eye-lashes at the sky where it was still all flushed and pinky from the sun.

Sylvia is good company generally, but she certainly wasn't that night. We stopped talking to her after awhile and talked to each other. Bessie was telling about the time she was drowned at the sea shore one summer and we were listening hard, because it is really exciting, when suddenly Bessie stammered, then faltered, and then stopped short. We turned to follow her eyes. Jim was coming toward us on our side of the street.

It is a wonderful thing how much thinking you can do in a small bit of time; at least, I presume others are as remarkable in this respect as myself. In the time it took Jim to walk one dozen

steps I thought of one thousand things. I thought he was coming to charge us with our crime; then I thought he wasn't coming at all, but was only walking by on the way to his grandmother's; then my heart gave a glad thrill and I thought he might be coming to ask me to go to the circus, for even to the humblest of us is given the right to hope. I didn't stop to reason, I just thought of it; but I believe I do remember thinking that maybe those six girls hadn't told about the note after all, and that he had come to be friends. Afterward, when we talked it over, all the girls said they had thrilled to the same glad thought, and each one had held the ecstacy of hoping that he might be coming with the long delayed invitation to the circus, and coming to her. All these thoughts took no longer than a second, no longer than it took Jim to walk his dozen steps and pause and pull off his cap.

Never, never did he look more beautiful! The jaunty tilt of his head, the gold of his curls, the blue of his eyes, with their dark lashes; the earnest, earnest light in his face, and oh, the dimple in his chin! We leaned forward, each one eager to catch his first word, his first glance. And then, ah! the cruelty of it; he looked neither at one of us nor at the other, but only at Sylvia, and it was to Sylvia, he spoke. His words fell melodious, but like knives, on our racked hearts.

"May I speak to you a minute?" he said.

Sylvia looked at him.

"Yes," she said.

Then they strolled off together.

We girls gazed into each other's eyes; then with one accord, as sometimes happens to great souls in great moments such as this, we rose and s t r o l l e d after them.

Down the dusky street they went, not saying a word, Jim with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground, Sylvia looking away from him into the shadowy trees.

We followed. At the wall where the roses grow Jim suddenly stopped. Sylvia stopped, too; they leaned on the wall. There was no sound but crickets, and no light but the moon and stars, and no one around—but us.

"You don't like me much, do you?" said Jim, and his voice trembled.

"Why, yes, I do," said Sylvia, and her voice trembled, too.

They stood there, Jim leaning on the wall and Sylvia, leaning on the wall, and Sylvia looking at the wall. But Jim was looking at Sylvia. Then suddenly—he kissed her!

Oh, how we shrank back, how we grabbed each other, how our hearts beat; and over all our indignation knew no bounds. That Jim, our Jim, could do such a thing! And we had thought him such a nice boy, and we had loved him so! Oh, to be Sylvia that we might tell him what we thought of him. Oh! to send him from our lives forever! But Sylvia was turning and we held our breath to hear her speak the horror we could only feel.

She had jumped, startled, when he kissed her, and now she lifted her face and looked at Jim. Then her mouth quivered and her eyes filled, and she curved her arm around Jim's neck and—KISSED HIM!

(Oh, my readers, forgive her, even as I have forgiven her. She was young and she repenteth; at least, I suppose she repenteth, she's never said she has.)

"Will you go to the circus with me?" said Jim.

"Yes," said Sylvia.

Sylvia and Jim came strolling back together and found us all sitting on Kittie's steps as if we were planted. Jim was whistling and Sylvia's face shone like fire works. When they got up to us Jim pulled off his cap and smiled—the old sweet smile—and said:

"Hello, girls."

The Making of a Citizen

BY HARRIET A. NASH

The long freight train crawled lazily along the shining rails of a side track to give the limited express the right of way. It was just sunrise and the wide country around the little station was flooded with the glory of a spring morning, although shadows still lay far below the rounded hilltops tipped with sunshine, and a heavy mist hid the noisy little river, whose rushing waters could be heard above the snorting engines and clanking car wheels. Luther Take-it-easy slipped from his hard bed in an empty freight car and made his way leisurely up the track under the watchful but lenient eyes of a large hearted brakeman, just as the millionaire from Chicago came out upon the platform for a breath of air.

The millionaire's eyes were heavy from a restless night divided between repentance for the dinner he had eaten late last evening and apprehension for the labor difficulties which threatened his manufacturing interests. Luther, on the contrary, had slept soundly on a supper of gingerbread, for which he had paid his last penny at a now far distant city bakery, and labor was a word almost unknown in his vocabulary. For a few seconds the two were alone upon the wide platform which surrounded the low depot. The passenger from the parlor car drew in deep breaths of the clear air, and fervently wished for an instant that he could change places with the tramp and go wandering off through yonder fragrant valley visible in alluring spots through the breaking mist, all unconscious of the responsibilities of life.

Luther, being both a poet and a philosopher, had eyes only for the sunrise and did not even see the older man. The trains moved on; the sleepy station agent locked up the little building and departed. Luther, left alone, aroused himself from comfortable contemplation, leisurely climbed a broken rail fence and made his way across a hillside pasture intent upon making his morning toilet at the river. He stopped presently beside a little brook, evidently tributary to the river. A mild eyed cow, the sole inhabitant of the pasture, came near to watch him in friendly curiosity, as he splashed the clear water over his head and face; for Luther was not a common tramp and loved cleanliness quite as much as he hated work. With the cow, the thought of breakfast suggested itself. Luther constructed a rude basin from the bark of a convenient birch tree, milked it full and drank the milk with relish. Then he spent a full half hour industriously mending broken places in the fence which ran for some distance beside the railroad track.

"It considerable more than pays for the milk," he assured himself as he surveyed his work with satisfaction. "But I'm one that expects to pay as I go and I'm willin' to over pay now and then for the privilege of goin' as I please."

The mist had disappeared from the valley now, and the river lay clearly visible. Luther regarded it with approval as he made his way down the steep hill to the shady highway which skirted the river bank.

"There ain't no greater blessin' bestowed on any man," he soliloquized, "than the simple bein' content to take things as they come, and nature just as the hand of the Lord left it. There is men livin' that couldn't see no beauty in that soap sudsy fall of water yonder, they'd be that crazy to harness it onto machinery and make it turn a mill; there's others that wouldn't have a thought of them green level medders farther down where the water seems to rest a spell to take its breath, savin' only to figure out how much crops they'd yield; and there's others still, Lord forgive 'em, who's given the high privilege of seein' the beauty in a scene like this, and then can't rest till they've gone and wrote it out in a lot of dictionary words and had it printed down in common ink in a newspaper or book. That ain't right. Poetry was made to be felt and enjoyed inside by all of us that's

given eyes to see, but it wa'n't meant to be spoken out by any but professionals!"

He sauntered comfortably along the smooth highway, stopping on a long hill to gather many pebbles in his hat and empty them beside the stone wall. "I ain't no philanthropist," he declared, aloud, "but I wouldn't want to feel some poor hoss might come to grief on a stone I could remove as well as not." He regarded contemptuously the man whom he occasionally passed plowing or planting by the roadside. "Their minds don't rise no higher 'n the angle worms they're turnin' up," decided Luther.

Up the hill and away from the river the view of the surrounding country grew in breadth and beauty, but the homes were less prosperous. The springing grass was scantier and picturesque bits of gray ledge shone through the thin soil in many places. The traveller reached at last a low unpainted house on the sandy edge of a pine woods. A freshly turned furrow of wavering design straggled across the field before the house, indicating that its owner was pursuing the same course as his more prosperous neighbors. Luther frowned.

"If a man must grub in the dirt," he said to himself, "why can't he have sense to go do it where there's some hopes of makin' it pay. It's downright irreverence, anyhow. If the Creator 'd wanted corn and beans, not to mention potatoes, to grow in the room of grass I reckon he'd seen to it they grew without any of man's plantin'. And look at the shiftlessness of that furrow." He started suddenly as he caught at the farther end of the field the flutter of a woman's dress; harnessed to the rusty plow with pieces of rope was a slender figure in blue gingham, while a ten year old boy struggled to guide the plow through the sandy soil.

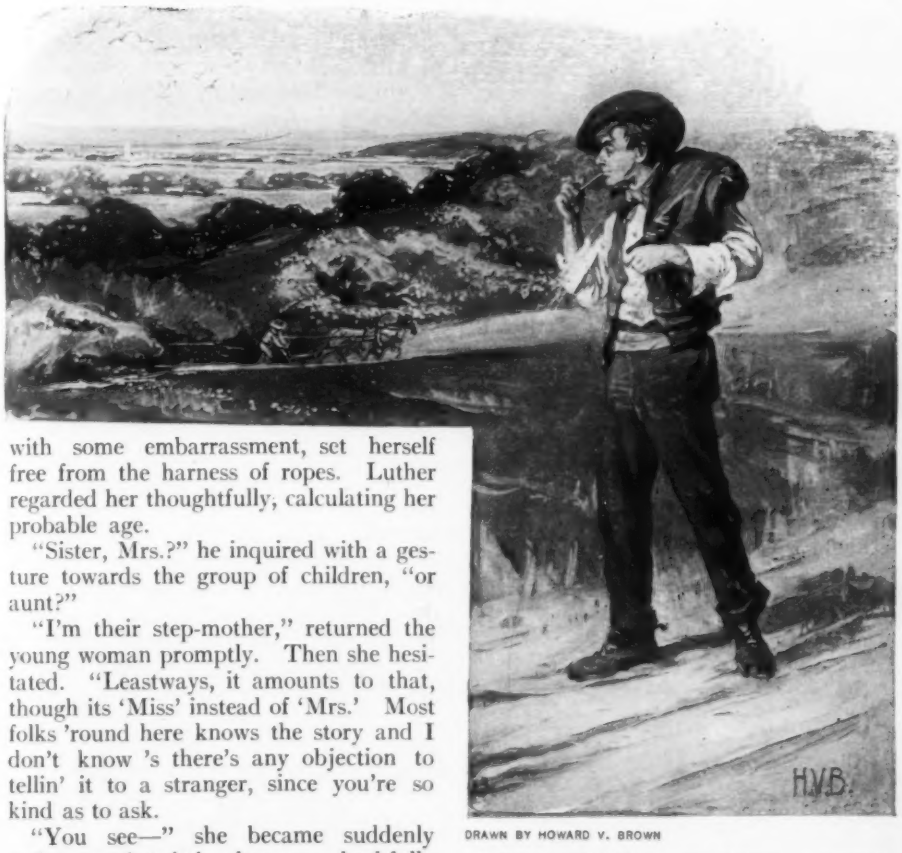
"Well, I'm beat," declared Luther. Half-way across the field he confronted the two.

"Where's your father, bub?" he demanded.

"Dead," replied the boy briefly but cheerfully. "Go on, Lizzie." Four other younger children appeared from various quarters, surrounding the stranger with interested faces. The young woman,

DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"The thought of breakfast suggested itself."



DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"He regarded the man whom he passed plowing by the roadside."

with some embarrassment, set herself free from the harness of ropes. Luther regarded her thoughtfully, calculating her probable age.

"Sister, Mrs.?" he inquired with a gesture towards the group of children, "or aunt?"

"I'm their step-mother," returned the young woman promptly. Then she hesitated. "Leastways, it amounts to that, though its 'Miss' instead of 'Mrs.' Most folks 'round here knows the story and I don't know 's there's any objection to tellin' it to a stranger, since you're so kind as to ask.

"You see—" she became suddenly embarrassed, twisting her apron bashfully with her eyes fixed upon the ground. "It was this way. Him and I kept company—their pa, I mean. But we fell out, and then he married their ma. She was a distant cousin of mine and I always felt responsible for all the trouble that come to her, with hard luck and sickness, and him bein' taken away when the youngest was a week old. So when she followed, after strugglin' along for a year, the children seemed to belong to me as much as anybody. They didn't either of 'em have any very near relations. Besides relations is apt to be just two kinds; them that don't do their duty and them that overdoes it. I don't know which is worst."

"I do," responded Luther, fervently. "I was brought up by an uncle. He was an overdoer. That kind's the worst, Miss—"

"My name's Eliza Blossom and these are Oliver Petty's children," explained the young woman. Luther hesitated. He was possessed of a surname which he rarely mentioned, preferring the sobriquet bestowed upon him by fellow travelers of his own mode of life, with whom on rare occasions he condescended to mingle. Indeed, on ordinary occasions, he strove to forget his own name, since it had little in common with his own life. Now he laid a muscular hand upon the harness of ropes. "My name's Luther Works, at your service, ma'am," he announced, gracefully lifting a faded hat with his left hand. And I reckon I can live up to it long enough to spell you at that plow. You can pay me in dinner if you like, but don't put yourself out. A hot potato 'n a pinch of salt is what I like best."

DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"And all for a woman."

At half-past eight the younger children, with clean faces and a shining dinner pail, departed for school. Luther turned to the boy with some authority. "Just you run along to school, bub," he commanded. "No corn and beans that ever grew ain't goin' to make up for the precious benefits of learnin' in your head. I'll spade up the rest of this by hand."

He chuckled to himself occasionally as he toiled through the long forenoon in the spring sunshine.

"What a joke on Luther Take-it-easy," he exclaimed as he wiped a heated brow. "Grubbin' in the dirt like all the rest, and all for a woman. I reckon that's what's the matter with the others, only they've been foolish enough to make it permanent. Well, it's a tough job, and I'm free to confess I wish I'd taken the lower road; but havin' come this way I don't see how any man with any claim to bein' a gentleman could have done no different."

Miss Blossom came out occasionally to caution him against working too hard, whereupon Luther spaded with fresh energy, taking heed, however, as behooved one who meant to lose no beauty of nature, that her light hair curled prettily and her cheek, though sunburned, was smooth and fair.

After dinner, which included, besides the hot potato, both rhubarb pie and hot ginger bread, Luther moved on down the hill, divided between chagrin at his own weakness of mind, and admiration for his late hostess. "I hope it 'll never get out among the boys," he thought anxiously.

"But 'twouldn't been no part of a gentleman to gone on and left that little woman to do the act of hoss 'n' hired man combined. Don't she beat all, though? There ain't many women knows how to bake a potato just right, and I never tasted a rhubarb pie so sweet and juicy. Think of her leavin' a good, payin' job in the shoe shop to take care of them children when their only claim on her was her havin' been jilted by their pa. Mighty poor sort he must have been. If it wa'n't against my principles to speak evil of them that's gone I'd like to express my opinion of him, here and now."

He was approaching the level plain again. All the way down the valley were prosperous looking farms. At one of these Luther exchanged an hour's work on a broken mowing machine for his supper.

"It's the kind of work I don't often stoop to, ma'am," he assured the maiden mistress of the house. "I always mean to pay as I go, and pay well; but as a general circumstance it seems less demeanin' to labor among the works of nature, like weedin' or even splittin' wood which grew off among the breezes and the sunshine, than to spend the hours of a summer day repairin' the contrivances of man. This 's a poorly built machine to start with ma'am. If 'twasn't for seein' you livin' alone and dependin' on a hired man who hasn't, to all appearances, a mind above the angleworms, I wouldn't touch it."

Miss Maria Becker watched his skill with hammer and screw driver. "You're

a born mechanic," she declared. Luther sighed. "We're all of us hampered, more or less, by our inheritances," he answered.

Miss Becker's next question was very abrupt. "Be you a tramp?" she demanded. The word was one to which Luther, in all his years of wandering, had never become accustomed.

"No, ma'am," he answered shortly. "Leastways, not what that word generally stands for: them that begs their bread and eats it without washin' their hands. I travel, and I don't do only work enough to pay my way, without more becomes a duty so manifest I can't pass it by. But I ain't a tramp, any more than that eagle flying up yonder. He's free to go where he pleases, and so be I."

Miss Becker's gaze followed him. "That eagle is after food for its young," she remarked. "And I guess you won't find much of anything in nature without it's now and then a man, but what feels duty and responsibility to something. It don't matter whether you've anybody of your own or not, there's always others. I've brought up two town paupers to be useful members of society, and I'm thinkin' of takin' the youngest Petty child if Eliza Blossom will give it up."

Luther looked across the neat dooryard at the prim white house beyond, and felt a sudden pang of apprehension. He was sure the youngest Petty child would be happier in the poverty of the little home up on the hill.

"I kind of hope she won't let it come,"

DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"'I ain't a tramp any more than that eagle flying up yonder."

he thought. "Somehow, this one don't seem so strong on motherin' as the other one did and I reckon that's more important to children than a proper bringin' up!"

At sunset he was on his way again, and rested for the night in a thick grove of oak trees, miles from the scene of his forenoon's labors. "What a fool a man can make of himself!" he reflected as he stretched his weary muscles on a bed of leaves. "It won't be Luther Take-it-easy who'll get caught that way again."

Near morning he awoke to see through the trees a red glow upon a distant hill top. "S'posin' it should be her house," he thought uneasily. "That chimbly didn't look safe, and 'twas pretty dry around there. 'Taint safe for a woman to live alone with them children so far from neighbors. Well, I'm glad it's none of my affair."

At sunrise he was on his way back along the path he had followed the night before, quieting his own self-contempt with the assurance that he was free to follow his own inclination, and it was no concern of anybody's if his inclination led him backwards rather than forward. So busy was he with his thoughts that he forgot to watch the sunrise, and the mist rolled away from the river without his notice. The Petty house still stood intact. The fire, Luther afterwards learned, had been a brush heap across the river.

Eliza, in her blue gingham dress and with hair curling around her face, greeted him shyly. "I s'posed we'd seen the last of you," she said. Luther shook hands with each member of the family, beginning and ending with Miss Blossom. "I'm goin' to be around here another day, quite unexpected to myself," he explained. "I thought I'd like the job of harrowin' that ground for you."

He ate breakfast and dinner in the little house and started away in the late afternoon with a lunch which Eliza insisted upon providing.

"Are you a book agent or an apple tree man?" she inquired as they parted.

"Not either," replied Luther readily. "Just a common tramp." Eliza laughed. "Not a common one, I guess," she answered. "I've seen tramps. They loaf and beg and talk a lot of slang words I never could guess the meanin' of. You talk just like us country folks, only, maybe, more intellectual when you sort of forget yourself. I noticed in a minute you said children instead of kids. You can't make me believe you're a tramp."

She looked distressed as Luther insisted, and he felt a desire to justify himself. "Maybe I am some different," he admitted. "I had the advantage of bein' well born, you see, which ev'ry tramp don't get. My father was a country minister; one of the poetry kind, that never has any luck with crops and spends his salary before he gets it. And my mother was a deacon's daughter. She had faculty but no health. They both died young and I was brought up by an uncle on the faculty side of the house. He was a blacksmith and a master hand to drive work. I reckon I did my stent in life from ten to sixteen. Then I run away. Oh, no, 'twa'n't right, and I wouldn't ask you or no one else that hasn't been situated likewise, to uphold me in it. But all the same I ain't regretted it."

Eliza extended her hand cordially. "It isn't for me to judge," she said, and Luther saw that there were tears in her blue eyes. "But I can't help feelin' your uncle was to blame. I hope you'll stop and see us every time you come this way, and I can't begin to thank you for all you've done on that field."

Luther rested in the same oak grove a second night, fully determined upon continuing his journey, but morning found him back at the Petty door.

"I didn't know but what I'd better get that piece planted before I left for good," he explained. "I'm delayed a little longer in gettin' off."

Eliza was glad of the opportunity to consult him. Miss Becker had approached her with an offer to take the youngest child. "I don't know but what I'd ought to let her go," Eliza said dejectedly. "She'd be sure of enough to eat and a good, orthodox bringin' up, though I'm fearful Maria Becker would be strict."

"You keep her right here," commanded

Luther. "Food and clothes isn't but a small part of it."

That night he spent again in the distant grove but came back to plant some forgotten vegetables. On the fifth day he gave up all pretense.

"I guess I sh'll stay around here for a spell," he explained. "There's a good deal of mendin' to be done on machines and such, and though it's against my principles, I sort of feel as if 'twas unaccommodating to refuse. They tell me there ain't a man for miles that does repairin'. I sh'll board round wherever I happen to to be workin', but I'd like to come up evenin's and hoe the crops, if it's all the same to you. The sunsets are better from up here and I ain't minded to lose all the poetry of life, if I do settle down to work for a spell. There must be a pretty view from the door step on moonlight nights, too."

All the caution and reserve of his nature warned him to go on, but Luther was under a mysterious spell whose influence he had never felt before, and which he only dimly understood now. On more than one summer night he started resolutely on his way, but always morning found him back in the valley. He labored by day, not too steadily, but earning a comfortable income and gaining the increasing respect of the community by his skill in repairing.

"It don't matter much," he assured himself. "A man with a difference of opinion in his own mind might as well be workin' in common wood and iron as anything else. It's only when the mind is free from thinkin' and wonderin' that idleness and the poetry of life can be enjoyed. Not to say that the poetry ain't apparent still, only different, somehow. Not so smooth and jingly and places in it like blank verse, kind of, that keep you wonderin' just what they mean. Well, I d'no'. If I go I shall always be wishin' I'd stayed, and if I stay the time may come when I'll wish I'd gone."

DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"There isn't anything he can't do." See page 648

It was on a moonlight evening when the whole valley was flooded with radiance and the river ran glistening through summer meadows that Luther made his choice.

"I us't to think that all the poetry was in a scene like this," he said, "or sunrises and sunsets and such. Just the face of nature without any humans to mar it. But I've learnt different of late. I've come to see poetry in a woman's eyes when she looks at you kind of bashful and yet trustful like. I've heard it in her voice when she told stories to the children on a Sunday afternoon; and even eat it in her cookin'; which wasn't like any other woman's that ever lived. Lizzie, I ain't

been anything but a tramp, but I've kept my record clean and never stooped to beg or steal—savin' rides from a big railway corporation where it wasn't no extry expense or put-out to them, anyhow—could you, do you suppose?"

The poetry he had seen in Eliza's eyes was plainly manifest in the summer moonlight. She had known wooers before, but never one with the fervent eloquence of this one. She longed to reply in kind, but only said bashfully, "I d'no'. Mebbe I could. Only I shouldn't want to leave the children."

Luther, in the exaltation of the moment, it appeared, would be only too happy to act the part of parent to the five little Pettys.

"I reckon that old maid down yonder was right," he said thoughtfully, "when she allowed everything in nature has a duty to something else. That was a piece of blank verse that had missed my attention before. But there's things some folks calls duty and makes a hard job of, that's only a joy to the man that gets a right view of it."

They were married in September. Luther hired Miss Becker's roomy farm wagon and drove the whole family ten miles to the county fair. "I should enjoyed it better to taken our weddin' trip off alone with nature, just you and me," he confided to Eliza.

Eliza looked uncertain. She had greatly enjoyed the wearing of her new white bonnet, and had taken fond pride in introducing Luther to her large circle of acquaintances.

"I don't know," she answered slowly. "The band was lovely and they all thought you was real fine lookin', Luther. I don't believe one of them would ever guess—" she stopped suddenly. The first shadow of their married life came between them.

"There ain't anything in my past life to be ashamed of. Lizzie," declared Luther with dignity.

Luther had a busy autumn. He reshingled the house and barn, repaired the chimneys and mended the fences. Moreover, there was throughout the valley a growing demand for his services. "There isn't anything he can't do from pickin' apples to mendin' a sewing machine," Eliza assured herself proudly. "I wish he'd been a canvasser, or an apple tree man."

In the autumn a cow was added to the establishment and towards spring a horse, in which the little Pettys took great delight. Luther attacked the tangled wood lot on a corner of the little farm, and filled the woodshed with fuel for a year.

"He's a splendid worker," reflected Eliza as she watched him, with other men of the neighborhood "breaking roads" across the bleak hill top. "It don't seem possible he ever was a—" she sighed.

And Luther, while attacking a huge snow-drift with his wooden shovel, was also thinking, "I wouldn't believed a man could be so contented in settling down to a life of work. So far, I've seemed to see poetry in wood lots and snow-drifts and everything. What I'm most afraid of is that it won't last. If only I could be sure the time wasn't coming when I'd wish I'd taken the other road that morning."

Alas! With the sunny, wearying days of early Spring the poetry began to vanish. Daily toil became hard and grinding and Luther, bending stubbornly to his work day after day, found himself, as he long had feared, struggling between affection for Eliza and a hungering for the old free life.

"Can't we get some one to stay with the children and take a week off somewhere, by-an'-by?" he suggested. "Just us two, campin' out on a hill or beside of a little lake."

Eliza was weary in her turn. "I don't know as I want to give up my home duties and turn tramp at my time of life," she said shortly.

It was a week later that Luther came up from the village with a wagon load of groceries. Eliza laughed. "Anybody 'd s'pose you was stockin' up for six months," she declared.

But Luther only smiled absently, as he unloaded them. He spent the evening mending the churn, putting a bolt on the kitchen door and a new washer on the pump. A little after midnight when the whole household was deep in slumber he crept softly through the kitchen door,

shoes in hand, placed the purse Eliza had given him at Christmas in a conspicuous place upon the mantel and gently closed the outer door behind him.

It's no kind of use," Luther declared dejectedly, as he plodded along the dusty road. "The man that's been a tramp can't never learn to be anything else, and others that's near and dear to him can't forget it if he could himself. How mighty good it's goin' to feel to be free again, just as soon as I can get used to it."

Before another nightfall he had reached a distant railway center and all the fascination of the old life was upon him. The valley, the past months, even Eliza were only a part of the dim past, as he dodged about the railway yards seeking the most desirable accomodations for a penniless journey. With the ease born of long practice he settled himself comfortably in an empty car just starting for the West. The jolting motion was luxury, the clanking wheels beneath him sang a joyous refrain of freedom.

DRAWN BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"He was two hundred miles from Eliza."

He awoke twelve hours later from a vivid dream that Eliza, dressed in widow's weeds, was dragging the river in a vain search for him. The heavy smoke of a great city was in his nostrils, and a blue coated official at the car door gruffly commanded him to "Move off, tramp." Into Luther Works' waking consciousness the word pierced bringing with it a realization of his own changed heart. To be a tramp no longer meant the luxury of freedom, but humiliating degradation.

"I ain't a tramp," he protested sleepily. "Show me your pass, then," retorted the official. "Come, get out of this."

Not for many months had any person addressed Luther Works in a tone like this. His anger rose, but force of the old habit led him to creep meekly from his resting place and move away to a quiet corner where he might consider the situation. He was two hundred miles from Eliza, friendless and penniless; and he was homesick with a longing which the old homeless life had never known.

An hour later he stood in the doorway of the superintendent's office. "I stole a ride," he confessed, "all the way from Wabash Center. I'd like to be given some work where I could work it out."

The clerks laughed, but Luther persisted until he was finally given work shoveling coal. "I guess a day's work will make it all right," a gray-haired official assured him. "We don't charge first-class price for freight car accommodations."

Luther walked the two hundred and twenty miles back to the valley, earning his food as he went. It was just a year since he had seen it first and the beauties he had noted that first Spring morning were a hundred times intensified to his eager eyes as he fondly greeted each familiar landmark. Near the foot of the hill he met Eliza. She was looking worn and anxious and ran to meet him with arms outstretched.

"You needn't go on, Luther," she cried breathlessly. "We'll go off again to-

gether, just you and I. I don't care what becomes of Oliver Petty's children. Maria Becker and the neighbors wo'n't let them starve. And it don't make a mite of difference to me whether you're a tramp or a king so long as I can share it."

Luther held her closely. "It's come to this that it makes a difference to me," he answered grimly. "If it's all the same to you, I'll be a king from now on, or, leastways a man, which isn't much different. I've brought you some flower seeds I picked up along. Let's go and plant 'em."

They went up the hill together, hand in hand. Luther paused suddenly. "I guess I shall build a blacksmith shop about here," he said. "There's a good deal of poetry in sparks, and the anvil has an inspirin' sound, kind of. Besides, it pays well," he laughed happily.

"I tell you, Lizzie, one man's just like another when he gets the motive power of a wife and family behind him. I've been figurin' out, as I walked along, how easy 'twould be to harness up that waterfall down yonder and build a mill a few years later when the boys are big enough to help. The land could be bought cheap and the water privilege would go for a song, since there's nobody hereabouts with a notion to do anything but farm. I've seen the time I'd thought 'twas irreverence, but a river, like a man, is a heap more ornamental when it's doin' its part and there's a heap more poetry in human lives than there is in rocks and waterfalls. We'll need money to educate them children, for I've no notion of puttin' them off with a smatterin of learnin' such as you and me had to put up with."

Eliza regarded him with adoring eyes.

"I don't care what you was to start with, she declared. "You're just goin' to be the leadin' man of this township. You wait and see if you don't. And education don't matter whether it's more or less when a man's inherited brains on one side and faculty on the other."

The Other Side

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

It was evident that the Judge was a hospitable man. The coming of his guest was unexpected, the guest himself was unknown, and consequently no preparations had been made, but the Judge's greeting was cordial, and the Judge himself attended to the wants of the horse.

The Judge, it should be stated, was a farmer, but it was generally understood in the country round about that he had at one time been a judge in the city. At any rate, he certainly had been a lawyer, for he even now gave legal advice to his neighbors when requested to do so, and so he just naturally became known as "the Judge," although he said little about his city life and experiences, and never obtruded his legal learning upon any one.

No one would have taken him for a judge when he came forward to meet Ernest Bullard. He wore a dilapidated straw hat, clothes that showed contact with the soil, heavy boots, and his face was tanned to a good imitation of leather.

"Glad you stopped," he said, pleasantly. "Just had supper, but I guess there's some left."

"Why, thank you," returned Bullard. "I was going to ask if I could arrange for a bite to eat, and then I'll push on to Gibson."

"Too far," said the Judge. "It'll be dark long before you can get there, and you'd stand a good chance of losing your way. I shall esteem it a privilege to have you stop with me for the night."

Bullard looked at the farmer in surprise. He knew nothing of the Judge or his history, and, while he was prepared for the hospitable treatment one usually gets in the country, he was not prepared to have the invitation extended in exactly this fashion.

"I am pretty tired," he said at last. "I'm

not used to long drives, and I lost a good deal of time by getting into the wrong road. Otherwise, I should have been at Gibson before this."

"Ellen " called the Judge, and a pleasant-faced but tired-looking woman appeared in the doorway. "We have a guest to-night. Can you scare up a little supper?"

"I'll be ready by the time you've put up the horse," she answered.

So Bullard, seeing that the Judge took personal charge of the horse, went with him to the barn, and assisted, so far as his inexperience would permit.

"I have only one man," explained the Judge, "and he's so busy with the chores just now that it's hardly fair to put anything more on him. I attend to the little odds and ends in the evening, while I'm resting up for the next day. I've reached a point where a day of from 6 to 6 is about my physical limit. I have to take it reasonably easy the rest of the time. I even up with the man in the morning, when I am fresher."

"A workday of from 6 to 6 is more than enough for any man," said Bullard. "It's too bad you can't give some of that work to the idle city men who need it."

"Yes," said the Judge, drily, "it's too bad; but the farm-owner finds that he has to go the limit of his physical endurance in order to succeed. If physically able, he must work longer hours than he can ask or expect any employe to work. I did so as long as my strength would permit it."

"That is equally true of the city," said Bullard. "There is no eight-hour day for the employer who succeeds—at least not while he is gaining success. He must work hard, of course, but our real sympathy must ever be for the man who has no work to do. There are thousands such in the cities now."

The Judge made no reply, and presently led his guest to the house, where a substantial supper was then ready for him. Later they went outside to smoke. There was a pleasant view from the porch, and two old chairs made them reasonably comfortable.

"You are interested in the unemployed?" said the Judge, inquiringly.

"Greatly," returned Bullard. "I might almost say that I am making the subject a life study. There is something radically wrong."

"Yes," conceded the Judge, "there is something wrong."

"I do not pretend to say where the fault lies," continued Bullard, "or what may be the remedy. I know that no one man ever will be able to apply the remedy, even if he discovers it; but one man may do much to ameliorate conditions here and there. That is my immediate aim."

"A praiseworthy ambition," commented the Judge.

"Not at all," returned Bullard. "A man should have some occupation, and I was born to none—merely to an inheritance. I became interested in this subject quite accidentally, through seeing something of the suffering that follows industrial depression. I helped a little in individual cases, but each case merely opened up a wider view of poverty and want. There were men crying for work and no work to be had. It did not seem right. Having nothing else to occupy my mind, I gave my attention to this, seeking to learn the reason and the remedy, and helping while I sought. I could not change industrial conditions, but I could do something in other ways."

Bullard paused and looked at the Judge rather doubtfully.

"Please believe me," he said, "when I say that I am seeking no credit for myself, and have no wish to pose as a philanthropist: I am merely trying to make my purpose clear and prove my own sincerity."

"I quite understand, and I am interested," returned the Judge. "Please go on."

"I have built some so-called 'model dwellings,' and, with others, have invested in 'model tenements'—not with the idea of making money, but solely with the idea of putting a clean, wholesome life within reach of even the most poorly paid. I have fought slum conditions in every way that seemed practical, and, realizing that even a gift home is of small advantage to the starving family, I have contributed to the immediate relief associations. I want you to understand that I try to be a practical, and not merely a theoretical, reformer. While my aim has been an

ultimate general improvement of conditions, I have not neglected present needs. And in these present needs lies the greatest problem—the need of work. There is always the need of work in the city, there are always men who cannot get it, and recently this matter has become unusually serious. The bread-line is long, the soup-kitchens are overtaxed, and we have had to establish new relief stations. Our work for the future has been suspended while we attend to the needs of the present. Even so, we imperatively need more money than we have been able to get."

"And your present mission?" asked the Judge.

"I arranged some time ago to deliver an address at Gibson on the needs of the slums and our methods of work," explained Bullard. "I seem to be regarded as something of an authority on the subject, and I am glad to take advantage of this reputation to awaken interest in it. It is not the problem of one city alone, but of them all, and it needs the thought and help of all the people. We should have help from the farming districts."

"No doubt it seems so," said the Judge, noncommittally.

"The whole country should be interested in wiping out the slum life of the cities. It is as important as the restriction of immigration or any of the other measures for protection from undesirable citizenship. And, aside from that, there is the dire distress of the present moment. There is work, hard work, for you, but look at the other side of the picture—think of the despair of no work at all and mouths to feed!"

"You think I should give for the relief of the unemployed of the city?" asked the Judge, in surprise.

"I do," answered Bullard.

"There are many rich in the city," suggested the Judge.

"There are," admitted Bullard, "and I confess that they do not give in proportion to their wealth; but how does that affect us? Would you leave a wounded man lying in the street because some one else, better able to care for him, passed by?"

"I had not thought of that," said the Judge, reflectively.

"I can quite understand why this matter never came home to you," Bullard went on. "You look out over your broad acres, and the strife and turmoil and suffering of the city seem far removed from you. There is a natural contentment that makes it all seem something with which you have no concern. Sitting here in the quiet of the evening, surrounded by my own great fields, I confess that I also might forget the misery that lies so far beyond my range of vision. It is an ideal life, in spite of the work, or rather because of it—a life that never can be known to the very rich or the very poor—and for that reason it should inspire a man to sympathetic thought and action. He should look beyond his own peaceful surroundings."

"You think I should give for the relief of the unemployed of the city?" said the Judge, thoughtfully repeating his previous question.

"I do, although you understand, of course, that I am considering you only as the representative of a class."

"I understand," returned the Judge, "and you draw a strong and impressive picture. Will you permit me to show you the other side of it?"

"I shall be glad to have you do so."

"It will be necessary," explained the Judge, "to dwell somewhat on my personal affairs, but, as compensation for that, I will agree to leave the question of my contribution to the unemployed entirely to your judgment when I have concluded."

"That is decidedly generous," laughed Bullard, "for I am an interested party, and I fear you will lose by it."

"But the fact that you have contributed, not alone of your money, but of your time, shows that you are earnest, and convinces me that you wish to be fair. I ask no more than that."

"Thank you for your good opinion," said Bullard. "Show me the other side of the picture, and I shall strive to prove myself a just judge."

"I am of the city myself," began the Judge. "Most of my life has been spent in the city, and I thought of the country very much as I imagine you think of it. I looked forward to a time when I could

enjoy its peace and quiet, for I planned, in a sort of indefinite way, ultimate retirement to a farm that would give me the health and contentment that go with an outdoor life. The time came sooner than I expected. I had worked hard as a lawyer, had been elevated to the bench, and finally found myself the victim of a nervous disorder that necessitated an immediate and complete change of life and environment. The city was for me no more: I must have more of physical, and less of mental, labor; I must live in the open air, free from the mental excitement of city life. To some men this would have been a serious blow, but, aside from the natural anxiety about my health, it was not to me. I never had had the ambition for great wealth, and, beyond securing reasonable comfort, money represented nothing to me. I had a little—enough, it seemed to me, for my modest needs—and this merely hastened the realization of a dream of peace, to which my wife had looked forward as eagerly as I, and in the same indefinite way. We told ourselves, when assured that, with this change, my trouble held no menace, that we were rather glad it had been forced upon us."

The Judge rose, and motioned to the fields that stretched away on all sides.

"Come and see what we purchased as a foundation for our dream of restful happiness," he said.

Together they strolled in leisurely fashion down a lane, the Judge quietly continuing his story. There was a bright moon, a cloudless sky, and the condition of the fields they skirted could be easily seen. Some were in fair condition, and some showed evidences of neglect.

"All this looked most enticing to us at the time," said the Judge, "and we thought we were in wonderful luck to get it at a reasonable price. The owner explained that he was selling at a sacrifice because he was unexpectedly leaving the country. I have learned to look with distrust on sacrifice sales, but this seemed to be all right. The farm is in the fruit country, the soil is good, the rainfall is sufficient, and excellent fruit is raised here. It seemed to me that the former owner had not made the most of his property, which I attributed to the fact that he probably had not the requisite capital. After making the purchase, I had a reasonable margin left for improvements, and I went into the thing with enthusiasm."

"I do not see how this affects the needs of the unemployed of the city or your duty to them," suggested Bullard.

The Judge did not seem to hear him.

"The man did not lie to me in any particular," he went on. "All that he said was literally true, but there was one point upon which I neglected to ask information and he volunteered none. Possibly, he thought it unnecessary to say anything to a city man about the unemployed of the city."

"What!" exclaimed Bullard.

The Judge waved his hand toward a field.

"That was formerly mine," he said. "The unemployed of the city took it away from me."

"What do you mean?" demanded the mystified Bullard.

The Judge waved his hand toward another field.

"That is still mine," he said. "It cost me something in labor and money to get it planted, and the unemployed of the city deprived me of the crop."

Bullard saw that it had been planted to potatoes, but had run to weeds. Before he could speak, the Judge pointed to an orchard.

"That represents a part of my investment," he said, "but the unemployed of the city say that it shall be nothing but a loss to me this year, as other fields and other orchards have been in other years."

Bullard saw the fruit rotting on the ground and began to understand.

"The lack of labor!" he exclaimed.

"The lack of labor," repeated the Judge, bitterly. "The country boys go to the city, and the city boys and men stay there, even when they starve. Aside from my own trivial troubles, is there no menace to the country in that?"

"May not the fault lie with you?" asked Bullard. "There certainly is need of work."

"There is need of work. and here is work," said the Judge. "The combination seemed to be so favorable that it gave me no worry—at first. But it proved to

be a constant and a bitter struggle. The farmer with the large family of boys that he was able to keep at home was the lucky one. My financial resources dwindled through losses due to my inability to work my farm properly. I could not understand it. There always had been a cry for work in the city, and here was work that any able-bodied man could do. The few that came along in the fruit season were of the restless, nomadic kind, upon whom no reliance could be placed: they would move on whenever they happened to take a notion. And these conditions continued until I found myself seriously crippled financially. I sent to the city for men; I advertised in the city papers; I applied to employment agents; but it was always the same story: many men were seeking work, but it was work in the city that they wanted, and the farm had no attractions for them. I read of destitution, of appeals to the charitable; of the deserving poor who could not get work—and these unemployed were taking from me every year the little profit of my farm. I abandoned some of my land, because I was unable to use it; some of the fruit that I cultivated proved a dead loss when the time for picking and shipping came; I decided that I was spreading out too thin the work that I was able to get done. So I concentrated all efforts on the most promising fields and orchards, and let the rest go. But this made the margin of profits small, even with success, and I was carrying the load of unproductive land. I had to let some of it go, charging the loss up to the unemployed of the city who refused to be employed in the country. I opened a ledger account with the unemployed who would not come to me in spite of my most earnest efforts to get their services for fair pay."

The Judge paused for a moment.

"I shall not attempt to give you the figures in dollars and cents," he said at last, "for they would seem to you preposterously large, but nearly a quarter of my original purchase has gone at a sacrifice, even as the farm came to me; more than a quarter of what is left has been abandoned, and will soon follow; an orchard has gone to practical ruin; a large berry patch has become waste land; the margin of cash I had has disappeared; my wife works as no woman should have to work at her age; and only the most rigid economy enables us to exist at all. This, briefly, is my ledger account against the unemployed of the city. Now, sir, how much ought to be expected of me?"

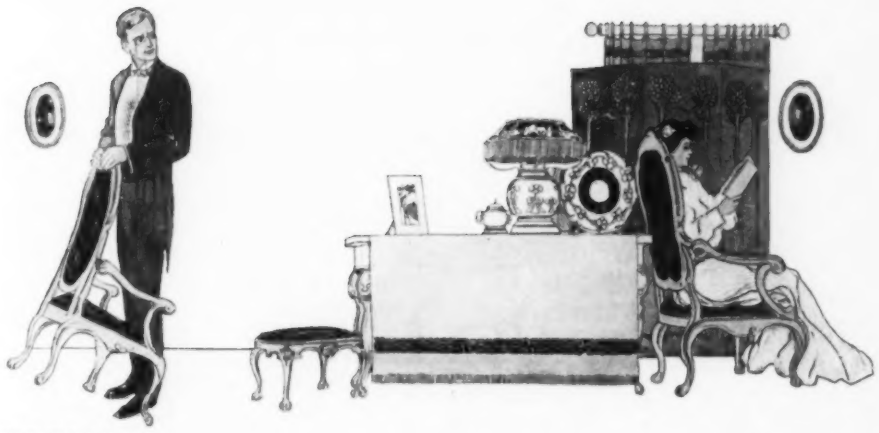
"Nothing," replied Bullard promptly.

"Yet I wish to be fair, absolutely fair," said the Judge. "I must judge of them as a class by what their perverseness has cost me, but I know that many, having families and owning their own homes, feel the necessity of finding work where they are: they cannot well go to the country. I try to look at the question from all sides; but, taken as a whole, the unemployed of the city are begging for help while taking from me the little I have left by refusing work offered. Yet I will make this proposition through you: I will take a small family on this farm, provided my conditions are satisfactory. They must agree to remain here at least two months, and I shall be glad to make a more permanent arrangement if things turn out well. I shall expect the man to do a full man's work, and I shall pay him the wages customary for that work. These will not be the wages of the skilled workman in the city, and I do not know how they will conform to the union scale, but I furnish lodging and the same board that we have ourselves. The woman will be expected to assist my wife and do such work as it is customary for a woman to do about a farm, and she will be paid accordingly. If there is a child old enough to be of assistance in berry-picking, I shall be glad to pay it the rate paid other children about here for the same work. I shall be paying full wages for inexperienced help, but a good deal of the work does not require much experience. I shall be giving these people an opportunity to make money that they can save, for they will have practically no expenses. Do you think you can send me such a family under such conditions?"

Bullard knitted his brow and thoughtfully reviewed the proposition.

"I think it doubtful," he said.

"And the unemployed of the city are crying for help," commented the Judge bitterly.



DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"You will fall naturally into the English ways and customs. I am sure you will learn to conform."

The Love Affairs of An Expatriate

BY ELIZABETH BANKS

London, December 12, 19—

The fog outside is black as night and thick as treacle. How I hate London in December! Yet I have spent these many Decembers here.

I have been asking myself "why?" all this dismal afternoon. I am not of this city, nor of this people. I am a thing apart, a foreign devil, an American woman in London.

To be sure, there is Dick, and what a tragic-comedy this engagement of ours has been! A succession of quarrels; on today, off tomorrow, and then a "making up." He says the makings-up are worth the quarrels.

He proposed to me in the midst of a dispute about the merits of our respective countries. He brought up the old "soap-dish" story—how we Americans always have our plates surrounded with nine little oval soap-dishes containing nine different kinds of vegetables.

I got angry about it, and then he asked me to marry him.

"And disgrace you by laying your table with soap-dishes?" I retorted.

"But you will not do that," he said kindly, yet decidedly. "You will fall naturally into the English ways and customs. I am sure you will learn to conform."

I was to conform! That is the English of it. Why should he not conform to me and my American ways? I would have to do the adapting. He couldn't!

But I did not take warning, and we kissed.

Oh, the memories of the bitter, and the sweet!

Last night I said, "Dick, it is impossible. The women of my land and the men of yours should never mate.'

He is gone, but the room is full of him. The vases on the mantel hold his roses. Their odor sickens me. Here is the ash tray I gave him. The gray stuff is still in it. I cannot bear to empty it. Here on the table is the copy of Longfellow he gave me, saying it was not bad, though American, and written on the fly leaf in his big, bold hand,

To Eleanor on Her Birthday, from Dick.

We did not quarrel on that day. It was the only day. In the morning we went to Hampton Court. In the evening we sat by the fire, Dick reading aloud to me "The Song of Hiawatha."

We quarreled twice as hard the next day to make up for the day of peace. We disagreed about everything, and have been disagreeing ever since and now it is all over.

But the room is full of Dick.

I have thrown the roses into the dust

DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"At first it was rather a shock to me."

bin and broken the vases that held them. I have washed the ash tray and given it to the porter. I have torn off the covers of Longfellow, and burnt "The Song of Hiawatha."

And I have begun to pack.

I am going home, home to my own land, my own people, where women do not have to "conform." If there is any conforming to be done it is done by the men.

New York, May 4, 19—.

Billy wants me to marry him. He proposed in the most absurd way. Being a lawyer, he has got into the habit of thinking of persons as "parties," and he asked me if I would be his "party of the first part in a life brief!"

I explained to him that he meant "party of the second part;" but he said I had got that impression from having lived in England where the women are the second part and the men the first. He left it to me if it wasn't so, but I didn't answer. I was just then thinking about Dick and what he said about my learning to "conform." Billy doesn't know anything about Dick.

I wish Billy would wear a high hat. He's such a fine figure of a man that I cannot help thinking how distinguished he would look dressed like the Englishmen I used to know. I hate Billy's derby, but I haven't told him so yet.

From the very beginning of our acquaintance Billy has been a source of delight, especially after my long experience with Englishmen who never sent me a flower or a box of candies or took me to the theater; though they would drink my expensive tea with real cream and eat my American layer-cake. Dick was just like that till we got engaged, and then nobody could have been more attentive than he. During the months of our acquaintanceship I used to wonder why he never sent me a flower, and after we got engaged I asked him about it. He said that in England the sending of flowers was a bit of sentiment a man indulged in only when he was in love, and that although he had loved me during those months, he had not told me so, and he could not venture to send flowers.

Billy took me out to dinner the second week of our acquaintance, and a half hour before he called he sent a dozen pink roses. At first it was rather a shock to me. I had got so English in my ideas that I thought the roses were a declaration; but then I suddenly remembered this delightful way of American men, and when Billy called I was wearing the roses. After that he always either sent roses or bought some on the way as we went to dinner or the theater.

Billy's sister invited me to her home to dinner the other evening. It all seemed rather queer to me, three children under fifteen sitting at the table and actually taking part in the conversation. In England they would have been abed. I know Billy thought it was all right, for go-

ing home he asked me if I didn't think Nell had "three of the smartest kids going." When I asked him if she always had them at the table, he didn't seem to know what I meant.

I have been wondering if I should marry Billy, would he want the children at the table. I really never could conform—There he is!

New York, September 1, 19—.

Dick says in his letter that he is waiting for me to "come to my senses, find myself, and return to England." His assurance fairly enrages me. He says not a single word about having been wrong himself. He makes no apologies, but asks, if, after my several months' visit here, with time to think and consider, I have not found I was a bit too hot-headed. He adds that he loves me, as always, and that his chief desire is to make me happy.

I cannot remember that Dick ever found himself in the wrong. So different from Billy. He is always asking me to forgive him when we quarrel; calls himself names and says he wants me to have things my way and that he'll make his ways my ways. I sometimes think if Billy would only have a mind of his own on matters where we disagree—

A messenger boy from Billy with letter enclosing the theater tickets and telling me to take Aunt Jane, as he finds at the last minute he cannot go. Has a chance to make five hundred dollars this evening; will call me up on the telephone tomorrow morning.

I have so looked forward to enjoying that play with Billy. It would do him a lot of good. What if he can make five hundred dollars? Is there nothing in the world but money? Can it be true that all American men, Billy included, are mere money-grabbers, as the English assert?

Next morning.

Another messenger boy from Billy. He has spent the whole five hundred on that old French print I told him about. Certainly I never dreamed of possessing the picture. I only happened to tell him I had seen it and I suppose I grew rather enthusiastic in explaining to him the proofs of its genuineness.

Oh, Billy! Billy!! Billy!!!

New York, Sept. 7.

I have been flat hunting. It seemed strange to go alone, but Billy said he hadn't time, and anything I liked, he'd like. In London, Dick and I hunted flats together. Several times he just looked in the front hall and called to me, "Don't bother to come farther. I see it won't do. Not large enough." "But Dick," I would say, "if you will wait while I look, I might see how we could manage."

DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"I am going home to my own land."

"Dear, no," Dick would answer, "we should be most uncomfortable here, I assure you," and away we'd go, without my having seen it. Somehow I didn't like it. I felt that I was being treated as a child. But Dick and I did look at a few flats together, and we would plan the rooms and where we'd put the furniture, and that was delightful.

But Billy's always so busy.

September 20.

I said to Billy last night, "Now, Billy, let's talk about the allowances."

"What allowances?" asked Billy.

"What I'm to have for clothes, and what for housekeeping, and all that."

"Great Scott, I don't want to allowance you!" exclaimed Billy. "When we get married, with all my worldly goods I thee endow! When you want money, little girl, you just ask for it. If I've got it, you may be sure you'll have it. I don't believe in allowances. Why, my brother-in-law started it with Nell, but they never could keep things straight and he was always giving her more, any-way."

"Oh Billy, Billy, Billy."

"Billy wants me to marry him."

Now, when Dick and I became engaged Dick said, "Eleanor, I can allow you one hundred and thirty pounds a year for pin-money for the first year or two. If things go on as I hope, I may be able to let you have an increase."

Was that too business-like, I wonder? But suppose Billy should not have the money when I asked for it, or suppose he should, in mistaken kindness, hurt himself in a business way in order to buy me a new dress? And it doesn't seem as if I ever could ask. But we are not to be married yet. There is plenty of time to think things over and—

October 1.

Billy's just gone. I apologized for being

DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"I have begun to pack."

unreasonable yesterday. He kissed me and said he was the one that was unreasonable. Billy's the dearest thing about giving in. He always wipes his forehead and says "Life's too short, have it your own way!" Still if Billy would only sometimes, perhaps—

If here isn't another letter from Dick in answer to that awful one I wrote him! He merely says, "Again, I command you to find yourself!"

He commands.

"Find myself!" Ah! I stretch out my hands into the darkness to find my heart, hybrid that I am!

Oh, Dick!

Oh, Billy!

DRAWN BY D. J. LAVIN

"Oh Dick! Oh Billy!"

Cynthia's Cowboy

BY UNA HUDSON

Cynthia Allison came of a line of scholars who thought much and lived little; who more often than not had gone without meat for their dinners, but never without college education for their sons and daughters.

Her mother succumbed to high thinking and low living before her baby girl was old enough to talk plainly. But the child lived and grew up among the books in her father's library like a flower drooping away from the sunshine.

He was wont to say proudly of her that she had more brains than body, and he predicted great things for her future. When she was eighteen he pronounced her ready for college. She packed a great many books and a very few clothes in a tiny trunk and went.

She was under medium height, slender and drooping, and of a serious turn of mind. She held aloof from the social life of the other girls, for she had been taught that the chief end of living is study and yet more study. In time, when she should have earned the right to tack a number of cabalistic letters onto her name, she hoped to write authoritative treatises on abstruse subjects.

Toward the close of her second year in college her father died. He had not been a prudent man nor a practical, and she found herself left with next to nothing to live on. Before this suddenly arisen necessity for practical action she was as helpless as a child.

It was her room-mate who came to her rescue. She was a practical young woman, as quick of wit as she was plain of face. Her early years had been spent in an orphan asylum. Later she had been a waitress in a cheap boarding house. But there was inherent in the girl that grit and courage and ambition that whether she would or no, pushed her steadily toward the top. From waitress she had passed on to nursery governess, for a woman who had the good sense to recognize the girl's really superior qualities, and who gave her a helping hand, eventually secured for her a place as kindergarten assistant.

Jennie was older than Cynthia by several years; for when one must work one's own way and study as one goes it takes time to achieve college. Having been helped herself and being desirous of passing it on, she had taken Cynthia under her wing, and now to the distracted girl she was as a very tower of strength.

"The first thing to do, Cynthia," she said, "is to take stock of your assets. You haven't any liabilities, thank Heaven, but you're likely to have if you're not careful."

Cynthia smiled faintly. She didn't really know what liabilities were; but as Jennie seemed to consider them undesirable she was perfectly willing to avoid acquiring them, if such a thing were possible.

"But, you know, Jennie," she protested, "I've always been careful."

"Yes," Jennie admitted, "I suppose you have. From now on, Cynthia, I guess you'll have to begin to hustle."

It sounded alarming. The more so that Cynthia hadn't the very faintest idea as to the correct mode of procedure. She said as much.

"If you want to begin this vacation," Jennie said, "and in my opinion you would better, I can tell you what to do."

Cynthia murmured encouragingly, and Jennie went on.

"Up in the Vermont mountains," she said, "is a summer hotel. It's a swell place, but it's run by the dearest old lady. Cynthia Allison, if ever there was a regular, dyed-in-the-wool philanthropist, that woman is one. For her chamber maids and waitresses she hires girls who need a rest or at least a change, but who have to keep right on earning money. She pays them good wages and she doesn't work them to death, either. I was there last summer, and I'm going again right after Commencement. I'm sure she'll take you, too, if you want to go. And, oh, my dear, she'll give you good food and a good bed and plenty of good, fresh air;

and if you're tired or sick or blue or discouraged she'll be a father and a mother and a sister and a brother to you, and a couple of uncles and aunts thrown in. You'll get your living for all summer and some money besides. With what you have it'll be enough to get you through next year, and for the year after perhaps you can do some coaching or pick up a scholarship or something. Want to go, Cynthia?"

"Yes," said Cynthia.

Cynthia's first day in the dining-room was a trial. And the second and the third like unto the first. It hurt her pride that she, Cynthia Allison, daughter of Wentworth Allison, scientist, should be forced to do menial service for women in trailing silken gowns who stared at her through lorgnettes and spoke to her in high, supercilious voices.

The noise and tumult of the place confused her. She dropped things and mixed her orders. But she stuck to it because she could not do otherwise. Her present bread and butter depended on it, and to a great extent her future career.

The second week was not so bad. Mrs. Higginson, who was better than she sounded, was very kind, and Jennie took the hardest orders for herself and skillfully maneuvered Cynthia in the direction of the easy ones. Best of all, she looked out for the big man who ate enough for three and gave his orders in a voice that was like the near rumble of thunder. He wore clothes that were comfortable rather than elegant, and "The West" was writ large upon him.

A good many people wondered, but no one knew, just how he had happened to stray into this remote place up among the Vermont hills. As a matter of fact it was because his mother, so long dead that there remained to him not even a vague memory of her, had spent her girlhood in those same hills. No one suspected it, but underneath his loud and very pronounced exterior the big man concealed a heart fairly brimming over with sentiment.

To Cynthia there was something almost terrifying about the man, he was so big and so elemental.

At last one evening when Jennie and the other dining-room girls were busy, it fell to her to take his order. It was a large one, and when he had finished Cynthia realized to her dismay that she didn't remember half of it. But Cynthia was learning to cope with the difficulties of her position. She went to the kitchen and demanded with the calmness that is born of desperation, "One order of every other thing on the menu."

She staggered under the laden tray, but managed to get it into the dining-room. The big man saw her coming.

"Holy smoke!" he rumbled in a voice that penetrated to the furthest corner of the room. "Did I order all that?"

Then he rose up, took the tray out of Cynthia's hands, and himself deposited it on a side table.

"That's too heavy for you to carry," he said. "The next time you just shovel 'em all onto one plate together."

At a near-by table a girl in a blue gown giggled audibly. For Cynthia it was a moment of such terrible embarrassment as she had never before known. As she placed the dishes on the table, her face was one scarlet flame.

But it is inborn in a woman to distinguish between the kindness that springs from the heart and that prompted by mere conventional courtesy. Later Cynthia forgot the embarrassment and remembered only the kindness.

The next morning she went voluntarily to take the big man's order.

"Ham and eggs," he said. "And all on one plate."

A little smile flickered about the corners of Cynthia's mouth. She was no longer afraid of the big man. She flushed prettily and spoke in a low voice.

"But it was all my own fault," she said. "I forgot what you had ordered and I was trying to bring at least some of the things you wanted."

The big man said nothing, not because there was nothing to be said, but rather because there was so much he didn't know where to begin.

Later in the day he hunted up Mrs. Higginson.

"I s'pose, ma'am," he began, "you kind of keep an eye on the girls you have working for you?"

Mrs. Higginson, somewhat curious as to what was coming next, admitted that his surmise was correct.

The big man beamed approval. "That's right," he said heartily. He took out his pocket-book and extracted from it a card which he handed to Mrs. Higginson. His manner said more plainly than any words could, that he had not been for very long personally connected with such bits of pasteboard.

"Samuel Bostwick," he announced proudly. "That's me, ma'am. I'm forty-two and I've just made my pile—five millions, ma'am. And I wanted to say that that little girl that waited on me last night and this morning is just my style exactly."

"You mean Cynthia Allison?" queried Mrs. Higginson.

"I reckon, ma'am, I do. That's a mighty pretty name—sounds just like she looks, sort o' soft and shy and dark-eyed, and—and peachy, ma'am—not meaning no slang. She's my sort; not too many frills and not too much education—like them others." An eloquent sweep of his arm seemed to include the hotel's guests.

Mrs. Higginson opened her mouth with intent to say something concerning Cynthia's scholastic career. Then she shut it again. When an altogether estimable man, who was entirely able to look after a girl, began to manifest a willingness to do so, it seemed unwise to make indiscreet disclosures that might cause him to change his mind.

"What I want," said Mr. Bostwick, getting down to business, "is an introduction to the young lady."

Mrs. Higginson stared at him.

"But—" she began helplessly.

"I've met her," said Mr. Bostwick, "in a business way, as you might say. Now, I'd like to know her as—as a friend. And I'd like to begin all fair and square and above board. So, if you please, ma'am—"

Mrs. Higginson's heart warmed to the big man with the honest eyes and the bluff voice.

"I do please," she said cordially. "Cynthia is a good girl, and you, Mr. Bostwick, I am sure, are a good man. I'll introduce you with pleasure."

Which she did. Mr. Bostwick took Cynthia's slim hand in his big brown one. "Pleased to meet you, miss," he said gravely.

But Cynthia, after a wild and hopeless struggle to retain her gravity, gave it up and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Please forgive me," she apologized in a shaking voice, "but it is so funny."

Mr. Bostwick laughed, too, not because he saw the point of the joke, but because Cynthia did, and Mrs. Higginson smiled benignly on the two of them.

That night, when Jennie got out the books for the study hour that she and Cynthia observed as religiously as when they had been at college, she was amazed to see Cynthia walk over to the window, draw back the curtain, and look out.

"Aren't the trees beautiful in the moonlight," she said.

Jennie stared at her. She knew what it meant when a girl began to rave over moonlight and scenic effects.

Cynthia tore herself from the window with visible reluctance. She crossed to the table, picked up a book and laid it down again.

"Jennie," she said, "it's rather dreadful, isn't it, for a person to say 'ain't' and 'I seen' and—and things like that?"

Jennie admitted a preference for correct English.

"But," Cynthia went on, "don't you think that there are some people so—so—well, big, and strong in themselves that they can afford to disregard grammar?"

Jennie was obliged to confess that personally she had never met such a person. She did not, however, go to the length of asserting that there was none in existence. Jennie was tactful, and she was not unprepared for Cynthia's next revelation. It was made after the manner of a secret of tremendous importance.

"Jennie," said Cynthia, "I know such a person."

"Yes?" Jennie's tone was distinctly encouraging. It conveyed also precisely the right degree of discreet interest.

"Mr. Bostwick!" Cynthia announced triumphantly.

Jennie looked puzzled.

"Oh, I forgot that you didn't know his name," said Cynthia. "The big man," she explained, "who sits at my table and eats so much."

"The one who used to sit at my table and eat so much?"

"Yes."

Jennie said, "Oh!" She would have been glad to wax enthusiastic concerning Mr. Bostwick, but unfortunately the only adjective that occurred to her as being at all appropriate to the gentleman in question was "beefy," and that she feared might incense Cynthia. She took refuge in her open book, but Cynthia continued to wander aimlessly about the room.

"Jennie?" she said presently.

"Yes?"

"My clothes are so shabby. Do you think I could possibly afford a new dress?"

Jennie put down her book and prepared to give Cynthia her undivided attention. Never before had she known that scholarly young woman to take any thought as to wherewithal she should be clothed. As a matter of fact, she had with difficulty prevailed upon her to buy an occasional new shirt waist, and then only when the old ones had developed a habit of splitting in unexpected and embarrassing places. There were so many books to buy, Cynthia had always averred, and it seemed a shame to waste the money on clothes.

"You can get lawn," Jennie said encouragingly, "for fifteen cents a yard, and I guess we could make ten yards do."

"But I don't want a skimpy dress," Cynthia said almost imploringly. "I want one with lots of ruffles, sort of soft and fluffy, you know. And I think I'd like it white with pink wild roses scattered over it."

Jennie sat very still. She felt as does one in the presence of a sleep-walker whom she fears to arouse too rudely.

"Fourteen yards, then," she murmured mechanically. "Which will come to $2.10. And twenty-five cents for thread and buttons will make it $2.35. I think you could stand that, Cynthia. We could make it ourselves, you know. I'll ask Mrs. Higginson to let us use her machine."

"And," went on Cynthia, "I'd like one of those fluffy white hats, such as Miss Darrell wears, with a pink bow stuck up in front."

"Lingerie hat," murmured Jennie audibly. "One-fifty at the June sales." But inwardly she thought, "Oh, my stars, she has the real thing, and no mistake!"

"And white shoes," said Cynthia, "and white stockings, white openwork stockings. Oh, Jennie, *do* you think I *could* have those?"

"White canvas shoes," said Jennie, the comforter, "would be a real economy. They're cheaper than the other kind, and you could save the ones you're wearing now for next fall."

"Oh, Jennie," murmured Cynthia, "*thank you!*"

She went over to the toilet table and began to take down her hair.

"Mr. Bostwick," she confided in a burst of mingled gratitude and confidence, "likes flappy hats, and his favorite color is pink."

Jennie studied Cynthia's reflection in the glass. It was pink-cheeked and bright-eyed.

"You didn't have to tell me that," she couldn't resist saying. "I knew it already."

Cynthia faced about, hair brush in hand.

"Why, how did you know?" she asked in surprise so artless, so real that Jennie began to laugh hysterically.

"Blessed baby!" she gasped at last. "He looks that kind."

Jennie came into Mrs. Higginson's sewing-room with her arms overflowing with billows of pink and white lawn. The owner of the lawn was upstairs in her bedroom, ecstatically trying on the new flappy white hat before the glass.

"Mrs. Higginson," said Jennie, "you're an angel to let us use your machine."

"Are you sure," said Mrs. Higginson, not referring to the machine, "that it's cut all right? I imagine Cynthia doesn't know much about such things. She'd be just the one to cut two sleeves for one arm or all her gores for the same side."

"It's all right," said Jennie, the practical, "because I did it myself. Do you

think I'd trust her with anything so important as this?"

She sat down before the machine and twirled the wheel with a business-like air that betokened previous practice.

"Mr. Bostwick," she said over her shoulder, "is what you might term a Special Providence. Cynthia has been a whole lot on my mind. She is no more fitted to take care of herself than a baby would be. But if her father could see her listening without a tremor to that man's 'I ain't' and 'I seen' he'd turn in his grave."

"I guess," said Mrs. Higginson, "that Cynthia's finding out that there're lots of things worth knowing that never get inside of books."

Which was perfectly true. For in those days Cynthia was learning that love is a better thing and more satisfying than all the wisdom of the ages. That which slumbers in every woman's heart awaiting the coming of the right man had awakened in hers, and she thought with a throb of pity of the girl who had planned to devote her life to the service of Minerva rather than that of Venus.

She did not know, because everyone took it for granted that she did and so failed to tell her, of Mr. Bostwick's "pile." He himself made no mention of it because in his opinion money was made to be spent rather than talked about, and the the ring he brought her the day after she told him "yes" was a thing that spoke louder than words and far more convincingly of a satisfying bank account.

But Cynthia, who in the matter of jewels did not know the real thing when she saw it, artlessly conceived it to be one of the monstrosities that are displayed for $3.98 "Warranted to wear five years." That she wore it with quite as much pride and pleasure before learning its true worth as afterwards, might reasonably be taken as proof positive of her love for the giver.

Cynthia had a hazy recollection of once having read or heard that cowboys (which to her unsophisticated mind meant all western men) were in the habit of saving up their money for months at a time and then blowing it all in in a single night on s o m e t h i n g they called a "spree."

Mr. Bostwick, she decided, must have been saving for years and years, and she wondered in the brief intervals when she relegated her happiness to second place long enough to think at all, whether when he took her out to that West he talked so much about they would have money enough left to live in a house, or if they would be forced to camp out in the sagebrush while he herded cows for more. The latter prospect appeared at first thought rather alarming, but Cynthia was very much in love, and it didn't take her long to decide that a wife unwilling to live as her husband must would be quite unworthy of him.

Having arrived at that decision she promptly communicated it to Mr. Bostwick, to that gentleman's very great astonishment. He laughed at first, for the humor of the thing appealed to him. Then he gathered Cynthia into his arms and said things too dear and tender to be ruthlessly set down in cold type.

"Think of it, Jennie," Cynthia told her friend a little breathlessly that night, "he has five million dollars; he told me so today."

Jennie stared at her. "Cynthia Allison," she said, "are you trying to tell me you've only just found that out? I knew it *ages* ago." Then she fell into a brown study.

"I guess," she announced after an interval of silence, "love is all right—when you get the real thing. And when the right man comes your way you'd best take him as a gift straight from Heaven." She blew out the light and finished her observations in the dark. "It's a thousand pities," she said with something very like a sigh, "that there never seems to be enough of him to go around."

The Idol of San Juan County

BY CLYDE ALISON MANN

The depot platform oozed its pitch in the blaze of the sun and far down the K. T. T. tracks, gleaming between the ripe wheat fields, the atmosphere danced the eerie dance of the heat of harvest-time. The special train of the president of the road grew from a fluttering speck in the distance to a distinct reality and suddenly was enveloped with steam from its whistle; a moment later we heard the screech of the station signal. The brakes wheezed, the train stopped, and half a dozen officials of the road stepped to the hot platform, coatless and under big panamas.

"That's him," said Judge Farson, of the judicial bench of San Juan county, as he left his perch on a beer case and went forward to greet the biggest, broadest, straightest man of the party.

All impressions of President Hunting, his size, his breadth, his erect carriage, were lost in the one eclipsing impression of indomitable will. His chin was symmetrical, but so big and pronounced that it truly was like the rounded end of a machinist's hammer. His size and his composure heightened the effect of that remarkable chin; so did his smile when he seized Judge Farson's hand with an offhand "Howdy, Farson."

"Hello, President Jim," responded the judge, mixing respect with familiarity. "I'm a committee in behalf of this here village of Starfish, to supplicate the head of the great K. T. T. railroad to replace this overgrown box car with a depot, a real depot."

"Where's the rest of the committee?"

"I'm the rest. I'm the committee. How 'bout the petitions, Jim?"

"You always have been pretty much the whole thing in San Juan County haven't you? I s'pose you aren't lookin' for a pressed brick depot with granite pillars? Well, I'll send some lumber down."

President Hunting grinned, spoke to his secretary, and took a turn about the platform with the judge.

The stop was brief and the train disappeared over a distant rise in the Kansas prairie that had the smooth dips and swells of a lazy summer sea.

"That's him, that's Jim Hunting," repeated Judge Farson when he resumed his seat in the shade. Meditatively he whittled and I drummed my heels as we sat silent where the breeze from the south brought the bouquet of fifty leagues of ripe grain. I said nothing, for the only way to "prime" the judge was to ignore the possibility of a story.

"He used to be a farmer up here near Saffron," finally observed the jurist of San Juan. Saffron is eight miles north.

"Did, eh?" I answered indifferently.

"Did? Guess ye dunno much about Jim Hunting! Yes, sir, his farm joined mine. Did ye notice that chin of his'n?"

"Chin?"

"Yes, chin. Guess th' Almighty didn't make mistakes when he built that chin! How d'ye suppose Jim Hunting got where he is now? They don't go skirmishin' 'round the stubble lookin' fur railroad presidents gin'ly, I reckon."

I admitted that it was odd.

"Odd!" The judge glared at me! It only takes indifference, an uncommon amount of indifference, to get Farson going right.

"Well, that chin ought to tell ye how Hunting got t' ridin' special on the K. T. T."

He spat copiously and accurately at a June bug crawling across the sizzling platform—his accuracy evidently pleased him—and he then related how Jim Hunting became head of the K. T. T. as well as the idol of San Juan county. Strong will and quick shooting counted those days in San Juan.

"Back in '78, Jim, he'd got to buyin' a little grain 's well 's raisin' it in this county. There was a big crop that year. Jim bought consid'ble an' he tol' Sim Stillwell, as was agent then, to get five cars for him the Monday next. When Monday come the cars didn't. There wus five cars

shunted in on the track of the Neoba 'line' elevator, though, and Jim he knew it wasn't square. The elevator men had strong-armed the railroad company and Jim's cars didn't come an' didn't come! Hunting didn't say boo, but his jaw got set. He waited another week, and meanwhile wheat dropped. Hunting cussed Sim some, and tol' him shippers ort to hev cars in rotation. But the line elevator got ten cars more and Jim nary one.

"Jim come to me then and he says, 'Jedge, I want to go to the legislachure. I'm goin' to right the wrongs of the suff'rin' grain shippers of this glorious commonwealth,' he says.

"So we jus' nat'rally elected Jim. This thing o' rightin' wrongs hez allus been a trump card fur inspirin' candidates. The boys all wanted to see what Jim wus goin' to do.

"Do? Well, Jim went at it at a trot from the first day! He wus there fur one purpose, and thet purpose wus to prevent line elevator men thereafter getting fifteen cars when Jim Hunting walked around in the distressin' sun two weeks and didn't get one. He wus fur a square deal. The second week of the session Hunting's bill come up. He made a speech, the shortest one on record, that did the biz. 'Boys,' he says, with all his feelin's joltin' in his voice, 'vote right on this here bill.'

"Well, the railroad lobby looked like a bunch of ragweed after a cyclone when the vote was took. When that rotation law was safely lodged on the statoot books by Ike, the humpback clerk, Jim hiked fur home.

" 'Sim,' he says to the agent, 'nex' time I order K. T. T. vehicles, don' give all of 'em to the line men; let me hev' one, sometimes, fur looks. I want ten right now, an' I cal'clate not to stand 'round and see all the empties in two weeks spotted fur the Neoba people. If they are, there'll be a difficulty fur the operatin' trains of the K. T. T. thro' Starfish. Laws are differunt now.'

"Sim, the agent, wired in these remarks, but he could not wire a picture of thet Hunting chin. He was puzzled by Jim's remarks. He knew the Hunting bill made it onhealthy financially fur railroads to hand the independent shipper the lopsided packages that Jim had been gettin', but he was too busy doing two men's work to know how or why.

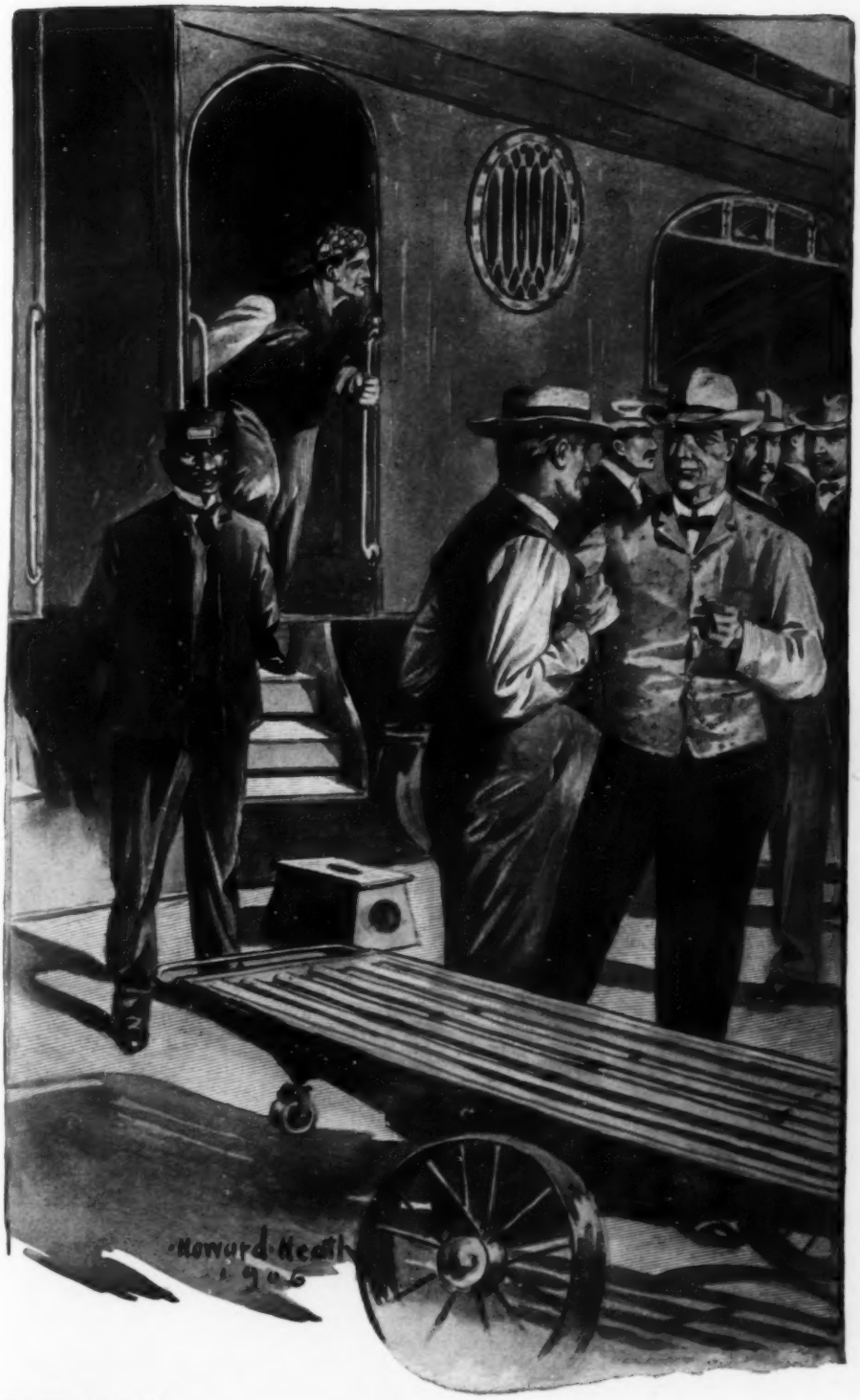
"Nex' day Jim was at the depot when 'Sixty-three' come in. Six empties were spotted fur the elevator. Jim he climbed on his cayuse and give said cayuse a little active exercise down to my farm. I wus shockin' wheat when he hollered to me to come over to the road. He swung his leg around the pummel of his saddle.

" 'Jedge,' says he, 'kin ye pry yer intellectools loose from husbandry and establish a precedent in transportation matters under the One hundred oneth Kansas?'

"You ort to seen his chin! 'You bet,' I said.

"So I shed my agricultooral uniform, rode to town with Jim and we brought suit under Jim's rotation law fur damages from the K. T. T. railroad comp'ny. That petition to the San Juan county court was certainly a Lulu. Then we went fur Si Plunkett, ez hed hung out his shingle, and he signed the papers as attorney. I heard the case in Jake Sheppard's Throat Emporium, granted a jedgment, and owin' to the extr'ordinary wrongs the public hed suffered there wus an execution fur Jim Kelly, as wus sheriff of San Juan in them tryin' days, to serve when the east passenger whistled fur Starfish that afternoon. Jim wus ready to serve it 'anyhow on anyone anywhere,' he said.

"Someway, Jim knew that President Millard wus on that Cannon Ball train from the settin' sun, and we made formal demand on him fur damages—which Millard laughed at. Then Jim Kelly handed him a paper he didn't notice much and Hunting an' Kelly went up for'erd and levied on that mogul engin'. They levied with a log chain an' locked it to the rails. It looked good to us fur the $15,000 damages we were yearnin' fur when we got that chain gracefully wrapped around the drivers and locked! Kelly tol' Sam Martin, the engineer, thet the courts of San Juan county hed set the brakes on thet there locomotive and not to go tryin' to proceed. We tol' him Star-



DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

"Where's the rest of the committee?"

fish was a good place to sojourn till another locomotin' appiritus arrived. There wus a rest'rant and Jake's place and two stores. I wuz overj'yed at the fuss we'd kicked up in half a day's time an' not a shot fired. All the town was at the depot, proud of their legislator, Hunting.

"Jim Hunting wuz contemplatin' the chained locomotive and cheerful when the conductor and President Millard come up, mad as hatters.

" 'What's all this damned farce about?' says Millard, very imperlite.

" 'Process of law under the one hundred oneth Kansas,' answered Jim. 'I hev unfortunately been obliged to resort to the courts o' San Juan county, the majesty o' the law, an' a log chain.'

" 'Don' you know the execution won' hold?' President Millard threatened.

" 'I'll bet on the log chain,' says Jim.

" 'Don' you know you're detainin' the United States mails?'

" 'Doin' nothin' o' the kin',' says Jim; 'the officers o' San Juan county 're executin' their jooty.' I see he wus some troubled, though. A special stock train rolled onto the sidin' and I whispered thet we'd better grab thet engine and let the mogul and the flabby mail sacks go peaceful *ong rotte*.

" 'Sheriff,' says Hunting, 'will the courts of San Juan county be satisfied with the choochoo machine thet hez jes' honored the people of Starfish by pausin' in their midst?'

" 'Sure,' says Kelly, real cheerful, an' he went an' onchained the mogul.

" 'How did all this rumpus come 'bout?' says President Millard, some mollified.

" 'I've been tryin' to tell ye about it fur two years, but ye never would see me, and I couldn't get satisfaction from any of your ten dollar clerks or intelligent soop'intendents. I have tried to ship grain but the cars hev' all nat'rally drifted onto the Neoba elevator siding. Now it's the law to pervide Kansas grain shippers with cars in rotation. All of which is duly set forth in the one hundred oneth Kansas an' the int'restin' dokiment in yer hand. I want the cars, or to be paid fur my losses, and I'm going to have what I want!"

" 'What law is that you refer to?' Millard asked, real nasty and overbearin'.

" 'Hundred and oneth Kansas,' repeated Jim."

" 'Do you mean that fool "Hunting law?" That was conceived in idiocy an' brought—'

" 'Suits me,' put in Jim. 'My name's Hunting—James Hunting of San Juan county.'

"Ye ort to seed President Millard's face. It was instructive, honest. He took a bran' new int'rust in the six-foot-two complainant in the log chain case. He looked Jim all over, pa'tic'ly that chin. Then he stuck out his hand.

" 'Mr. Hunting, I'm sorry to meet ye and pleased,' he says. 'We need a man 'bout your size an' you'll do me a favor if you'll turn that freight engine loose, too, and come into my car. I know we can settle so you'll be satisfied.'

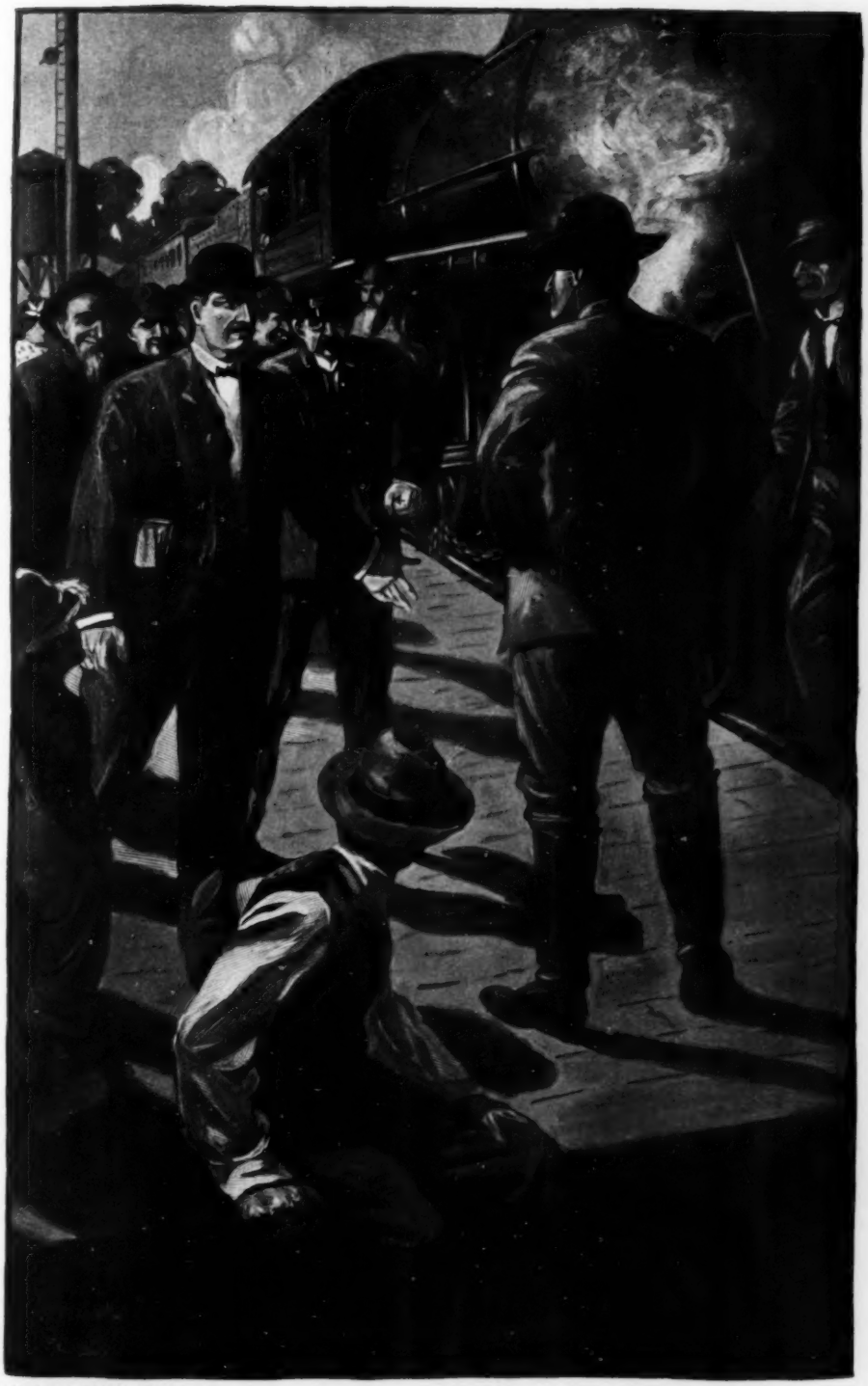
"Jes' what President Millard said to Jim Hunting an' what Jim said to President Millard I dunno'. Jim came out and says:

" 'Jedge, what'll be the expense to dismiss the case o' Hunting versus K.T.T. Railroad Company?' and he winked his off eye at the corner. 'Can it be done less than a thousand dollars?'

" 'Hardly,' says I.

"He went back an' pretty soon he come out with a hunk o' the genuyne long green. 'Jedge,' he says, 'President Millard wants that case dismissed. Turn the engyne loose. Here's the costs and a retainer fur you to be the attorney in San Juan county fur the K. T. T. railroad.' Oh, Jim never forgets his friends. He wus doin' well an' he looked out fur me an' Jim Kelly, you bet!

"I don't know what Jim Hunting and President Millard said t' each other, but Jim rented his farm, an' hed an office with mayhog'ny desks and gold letters on the door. When ye wanted a bunch of Kansas politics ye knocked on Jim Hunting's door. Also ye knocked there when busted an' ye wanted to git back to Molly and the kids. San Juan county folks to the fourth generation were good with Jim Hunting for anything in reason."



DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

"What's all this damned farce about?"

DRAWN BY HOWARD HEATH

"Jim Hunting can have anything he asks."

The judge paused to replenish the bootjack solace. From afar in the grain-fields came the querulous snarl of the binder, the locust hummed drowsily in noonday breaths of blistering breeze. The judge concluded:

"An' Jim Hunting 's sure the idol of San Juan county and can have anything he asks, an' no mistake. Folks this a-way like his chin, too!"

The Liars

BY BIRDSALL JACKSON

The captain paused in his work of adzing the end of a mast which he was making ready to set in a new boat. He rested the head of the adz on one of the heavy blocks on which the mast lay, placed his hands on the end of the adz-helve for support, and looked about him deliberately.

The waters of the little haven were tinged with the glow of the setting sun. A few gray gulls flapped lazily seaward and a multitude of crows, having got through their maraudings along shore, were making their evening pilgrimage to the wood farther inland. Westward, a group of fishermen were casting their net in a sea of gold, and in the opposite direction, a small fleet of sailing craft had set their aspiring wings to fly homeward out of the gathering dusk.

"Mebbe you can tell me," said the captain, turning his keen blue eyes upon us, "Who it was said that all men are liars."

We made what apology we could for our forgetfulness.

"Well," said he, "I've been figgerin' on it some lately, an' I've made up my mind it was Sollermun."

"Had you any special reason for this conclusion, captain?"

"Yes, several of 'em. Sollermun, being a wise man, wasn't one to waste his time on words, like some people does." He stopped for an instant and regarded us from the tail of his eye, to assure himself that this thrust had gone home. "An' so, treatin' 'em all alike an' puttin' it in a broad general way, 'All men are liars,' says he. No women mentioned, was there? Well, that was Sollermun, steerin' clear of trouble with one eye out to windward."

The captain paused again to glance apprehensively behind at the windows of his near-by cottage, in which a light had just appeared.

"I used to think," said he, lowering his voice, "that she was good at it, but a young woman come here last summer that could point higher, foot faster, come about quicker, and carry full sail long after hers was tied up an' sea anchors out. An' it was all so easy, no wave for'ard nor none behind, no water over the combin's, an' no leeway.

"But she didn't look it. Tall she was an' innocent with big round eyes an' a voice like a song sparrer. They got her to sing up in the church one night when Jim Hoosick was there. Jim don't leave his oyster beds once a year, hardly. Well, sir, she sung Jim into such a trance they had to put out all the church lights an' shoot off more'n a dozen guns right there to wake him."

"You always stick pretty close to the facts yourself, we take it, captain?"

"Yes," said he, solemnly, "throw my grapplin' irons right into 'em every time. But that girl was enough to make most anybody drift away an' lose his bearing's, 'nless he was extra well grounded, like me. Had a way of eyein' you that made you sure you was right up to the finish with everybody else hull down, an' about the time you begun to throw out your chest, eyed the next feller the same way till you felt like stowin' everything an' hollerin' to be towed home. An' all the while, she'd never say anything that'd give you a right to complain, not a word. But you'd be outpointed and backwinded jest the same, if she didn't.

" 'Bout the time she got fixed here for the summer, the old *Gerfalcon* struck on Lone Tree bar one night in a hard sou'-easter. You see her bones down there now. When they found they had to come ashore, they used mighty good judgment, squared her right from the station, an' a big sea plunked her down 'most on to Captain Phil's front steps. He had a line to her an' fetched 'em all off inside of three hours; an' when two news dudes got here next morning, there wasn't much for 'em to lie about.

"Mebbe you think that worried them fellers? Not a bit of it. Seemed to like it all the better. Said it give 'em more of a chance at their business. So

they fixed it up to suit themselves; had the crew all prayin' on the for'ard deck, where they couldn't 'a' stayed two minutes; an Captain Phil swimmin' out to 'em right in the teeth of that sou'easter, towin' three hundred foot of life-line behind him through a heavy surf; an' the wreck goin' to pieces jest as the las' man got ashore. Great story they got out of it; better 'n them that knowed something 'bout it could 'a' done, any of 'em.

"When it come to makin' pictures of what happened several hours 'fore they arrived, I thought they'd be onto their beam ends, but it didn't even stagger 'em. They paid Captain Phil to run the life-buoy back an' forth after the sea had gone down an' offered all hands free rides to the wreck an' rescued everybody that would let 'em, includin' this Winters girl I was tellin' of. It don't take people long to get acquainted down here, with a wreck on the bar.

"I thought when they stopped lyin' 'bout that wreck, they'd go back to town, but they both said there was so much news here they had to stay. So they made a story of me an' my boats an' one of Captain Phil an' his crew; then they tackled the lighthouse an' lied 'bout that for a spell. Next come the darky cook from the *Gerfalcon*, who'd got a job at the hotel; they had him wrecked an' saved on all the seven seas; then they took a turn at Jim Hoosick an' killed him an' fetched him to life ag'in three times; an' when they got a line onto Captain Phil's ole sickle-billed parrot, the one he brought from the west Indies, an' wrote him up five different ways, provin' him to know more'n most people does, it come over me that they was capable of keepin' it up as long as they wanted to.

"But even then, I didn't see exactly what the play was, till they commenced to go 'round with this Winters girl, first one an' then another, an' begun to be kinder offish towards each other.

"Some time later, one of 'em come to see me, wantin' to be took sailin'. 'Ain't you got a lively boat,' says he, layin' one finger alongside his nose very mysterious, 'one that'll carry full sail in a two reef breeze like it's blowin' now? Miss Winters likes a little excitement when she goes for a sail.'

" 'Any boat can be sailed that way with more or less risk,' I told him.

" 'Nothin' venture, nothin' have,' says he, winkin' at me an' showin' the end of a ten dollar bill out of his vest pocket.

"So I got one of my boats ready, the feller standin' by tickled to death, an' a couple of minutes later, Miss Helen Winters sails up, equipped for a v'yage to New Zealand, with more canvas spread than a full-rigged schooner; mains'le of white lawn with crimson reef points, fo'c's'le an' jibs to match; big straw hat on loaded to the scuppers with flowers an' dead birds; white veil an' kid gloves like every sailor wears on the high seas for his complexion, an' the prettiest an' handiest fan I ever see for use in a two reef breeze.

"Well, they wanted lively sailin' an' they got it, boat standin' first on one end an' then on the other, spray flyin' the hull length of her an' washers under most of the time. But they didn't mind that at all; seemed to like it first rate.

"On the way back, the wind died out some, an' that feller got the girl to sit up on the boom with him, the way foolish folks does sometimes, with the sail trimmed in. I don't know jest how it happened. I could most swear the feller must 'a' fished at my sheet-rope with the boathook along the washer; but all to once, the rope slips through the block, an' out goes the sail over the water 'fore I could stop it, with the two of 'em clingin' to the boom.

" 'Help! Help!' sings out the girl, grabbin' at him, missin' him of course an' fallin' off into the water.

" 'Save me! Save me!' she hollers next, clutchin' at the waves with both hands like anyone will that can't swim a stroke.

"But that feller was all right, if the girl wasn't; struck the water most as soon as she did an' reached her 'fore she'd swallowed much more'n a gallon of it, an' held her up till I got back to 'em.

"We pulled her aboard all right, though the white lawn mains'l an' jibs had been damaged some. The big hat had shipped a sea that carried away half the flowers

an' a few birds, which helped the looks of it, to my way of thinkin', an' I don't see why anyone should 'a' got mad at me for sayin' so.

"But didn't that feller enjoy himself on the way home? It was Willyum this an' Willyum that till I got dog-sick of the hull business, an' the boat had such a cargo of good will an' gratitude aboard she couldn't make hardly any headway. But the feller shelled out all right at the finish, an' mebbe he didn't make a story of it? Had the other one lookin' as though he'd been out of sight of land for a week without food and water.

"It was ten days or more 'fore the other feller got back into the race at all, but when he did, the first one found out that anybody who thought he only had to make the course an' claim everything in sight was 'way off on his reckonin'.

" 'I want to hire a good boat to take us sailin',' says this one, his turn to lead havin' come an' the young lady bein' with him all sail set as before, 'the slowes' and safes' one you've got. Some people think it's mighty fine, takin' young ladies sailin' an' lettin' 'em fall overboard an' swimmin' for 'em, but I give myself credit for better sense. Anybody that is goin' with me is goin' to go safe, an' if there's any danger to be met or any discomforts to be borne, let 'em fall onto me,' says he, strikin' his chest hard with one hand.

" 'Well, this boat is slow enough for anybody,' says I, pointin' one out to him, 'an' I can reef her down so she won't hardly move at all in this breeze, if you want me to.' "

" 'All right, go ahead an' make her as safe an' steady as possible.'

"An' with that he jumped on board an' helped the girl on an' looked the boat all over, ropes, blocks, spars, an' anchors as if he was goin' to round the Horn in her. He was so awful wise 'bout it an' so solemn that I made up my mind he couldn't 'a' told if the cable had been tied to the gaff for a downhaul, but I didn't say anything.

" 'Where's your life-buoys, captain?' says he, when he got through inspectin' it.

" 'Jest inside the cabin,' I told him.

" 'Do you mind,' says he a minute later, 'if I bring one out here an' tie a rope to it an' keep it handy, in case anything should happen?'

"I let him go ahead an' he fixed one to suit himself with forty foot of rope to it an' the end tied to the traveler, the girl lookin' at him all the time as if he was Noah making ready the ark of safety; an' when we started, I don't suppose we got up any more speed than Noah did.

"I couldn't see for the life of me how the feller expected to gain anything by headin' any such melancholy outfit as ours was, nor by wastin' his time on such foolishness. But we hadn't hardly got to goin' in good shape, with him on the bow lookin' out ahead for rocks an' reefs an' all kinds of things that wasn't there, an' that he couldn't 'a' seen if they had been, when all of a sudden, the feller, a startin' to go 'round the mast, slipped on the deck an' fell, struck his head on the washer, rolled off like a log into the water an' went all under.

"When he come to the top, ten foot or more from the boat, I opened my mouth to tell him to stand up, 'cause the water wasn't over four foot deep, but the girl begun to screech so he couldn't hear a word, an' he didn't give me time enough, anyway, jest rolled over an' went under ag'in, like a person half senseless. Then she hollered an' wrung her hands, an' jest as the boat was comin' up into the wind, which took some time, there bein' so little headway on, she reached for that life-buoy an' flung it over the stern.

"An' then a miracle happened; the feller come to the top ag'in an' one arm stuck straight up through the middle of that life-buoy. I guess he was the biggest fish she ever hauled in, but she landed him all right with some help. An' what a time there was on board then! The other affair wasn't in the same class with it, this bein' a kind of combine of the dyin' Lawrence an' Nelson expirin' in the arms of Victoria. But he was an awful long time doin' it, an' I would 'a' been scared 'most stiff 'bout him, if he hadn't winked at me when I was pourin' some whiskey into him. After that, I stood by an' let him expire to his heart's content.

"But when we landed, he shelled out

full as handsome as the other feller had, takin' me off to one side.

" 'I'm a little out of practice,' says he, with one hand to the side of his mouth, 'but I used to be able to swim a hundred yards, or more, under water, easy. You needn't tell it, though, whether you saw me doin' it or not.'

"I said I wouldn't, an' I never have till now, when it don't make no difference on account of what happened afterwards.

"Mebbe the first feller thought he had good material for a story out of his v'yage, but he'd had to drag some of his canvas 'cause he couldn't fill it all out 'thout puffin' himself up too much; but this one wasn't sailin' under any such handicap, an' the way he walked through the first one's lea an' planted himself onto his wind'ard quarter was worth goin' miles to look at.

"But after that he seemed to fall back a little, an' then they split tacks an' wouldn't sail in company with each other at all. But they kept 'bout on even terms on the hull, I thought, till without any warnin' the girl went away.

"It seems she'd promised 'em both to send 'em some word or signal through me that they'd understand, an' they got it all right in time. It was in the shape of a letter, an' how do you s'pose it was headed?"

We told the captain our imagination was not equal to the task he had set.

" 'My dear Captain' said he, proudly drawing it from an inside pocket and looking behind him furtively. 'My dear Captain'—Sally ain't seen it yit, nor she ain't goin' to, but I'll show it to you, strictly on the quiet."

We expressed our gratitude and read as follows:—

New York, Sept. 15, 19—.

My Dear Captain: Permit me to thank you for your part in making the past summer one of the most enjoyable I have ever had, and to express my best wishes for your continued health and prosperity.

I am sure you will be interested in knowing that I have just won a long-distance swimming contest, the ladies' amateur championship having been awarded me. This will, no doubt, be of interest also to the young man who saved me from drowning a few weeks ago.

And I wish you would say to the other one for me that if occasion ever offers I would like to arrange for some instruction in swimming under water, if it could be given with perfect safety. One always wishes to feel safe, you know. It is very hard to swim beneath the surface for any distance in shoal water without being seen, which spoils all the fun, of course.

Also, please give both the young gentlemen my kindest regards and tell them it would give me pleasure to see them in town and to make them acquainted with my husband, who has just returned from Europe.

The public know me as "Miss Winters," but to my friends I am,

Most cordially,

HELEN WINTERS WINSLOW.

(Mrs. Warren Winslow.)

"Well, I showed it to 'em," said the captain, "an' they both read it through twice. Then they shook hands over it, an' owned the corn, an' went back to town together that same day.

"Yes," he concluded, folding up the letter and putting it back into his inside pocket, "Sollermun said that all men are liars, but didn't mention women. He was a good hand to settle a question if it was put right up to him to do it, an' if it wasn't, jest as good at steerin' clear of it. An' he never fooled away his time on things that had been agreed on by everybody thousands of years 'fore he was born, either."

The captain looked at the fishermen, who were now hauling in the net, their black figures silhouetted picturesquely against the sunset, and at the fleet of sailing craft that were just beginning to swing into the little haven. Then, shouldering his adz, he shook hands with us and went slowly homeward in the growing twilight.

Parisian Modes

MAISON BÉCHOFF-DAVID — Calling gown of pastel-blue broadcloth, with flounces; chemisette of muslin, with narrow plaits; straps of velvet.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

MAISON REDFERN—Dinner gown of old rose taffeta; flounced skirt trimmed with ruching and guipure appliquée; buttons of old rose taffeta with rims of black velvet.

MAISON DRÉCOLL — Afternoon wrap of silver gray broadcloth trimmed with beaver; embroidered in gilt, with silk fringe.

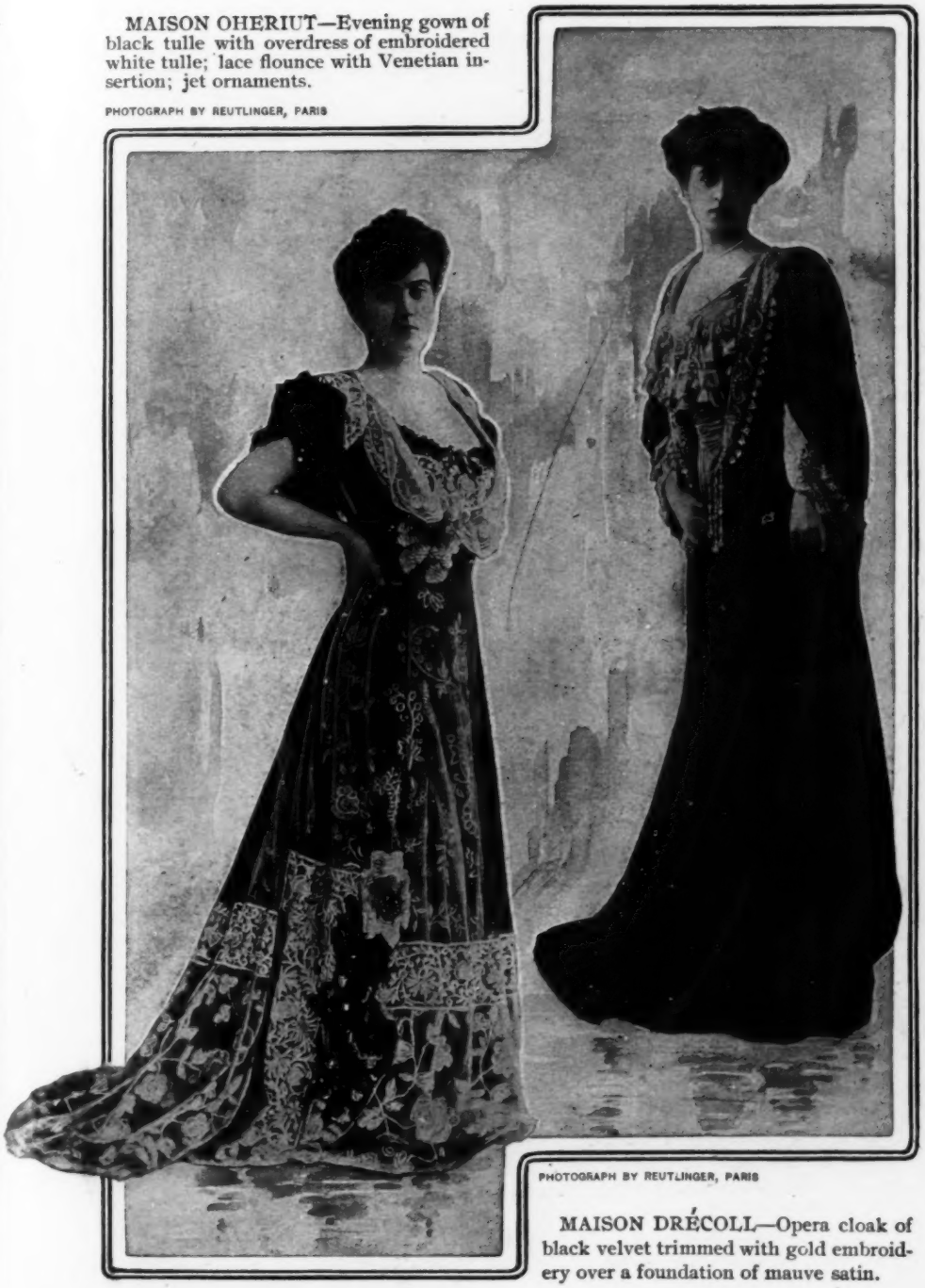
PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

MAISON BÉCKOFF-DAVID — Tailored suit of navy blue serge; skirt trimmed with grouped flounces; long plaited empire coat with embroidered stripes.

MAISON OHERIUT—Evening gown of black tulle with overdress of embroidered white tulle; lace flounce with Venetian insertion; jet ornaments.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS



PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

MAISON DRÉCOLL—Opera cloak of black velvet trimmed with gold embroidery over a foundation of mauve satin.

MAISON REDFERN—Calling gown, made princess, with long coat of cream velvet, embroidered with wreaths of chenille.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER PARIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS

MAISON DRÉCOLL—Afternoon calling jacket of ermine, trimmed with insertion of jet spangles and bow of black velvet.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE, NEW YORK

Scene from "The Braisley Diamond."

Some Dramas of the Day

BY ACTON DAVIES

It is not often that the New York stage has an opportunity of welcoming a new great actor from foreign parts, so that the advent of Henri DeVries, the character actor from Holland, is doubly worth chronicling. Although the little play "A Case of Arson," in which he is now appearing in Madison Square theatre lasts for scarcely forty-five minutes, there is no doubt that in the matters of versatility and real genius this actor has not been excelled by any histrionic visitor to America in the last ten years. In this little play Mr. DeVries plays many parts, seven in all, and each is such a complete creation that it is almost impossible for the spectator to realize that all these rôles are played by the same man. Among no class has the work of Mr. DeVries been more appreciated than by the actors, for they realize far more than the ordinary layman the difficulties with which the artist is obliged to contend. The play itself is as absorbing a trial as some great trial scene in a real court. Here in a few words is its story.

The scene is laid in the courtroom of a little Dutch town. *John Ahrendt*, a cigarmaker in a small way, is suspected of having set fire to his house and shop, in order to collect the insurance. The chief point in the direction of his innocence is the fact that in the fire his little three-year-old daughter has been burnt to death. As the curtain rises, the *Justice* calls in the first witness, *Ahrendt's* half-witted brother, who is also suspected of being involved in the crime. The *Justice* asks him if it is true that he quarrelled with his little niece on the fatal Sunday afternoon at dinner. He answers "Yes," that she spilled some water on his potato s and gravy, and it annoyed him very much. He did not kill the little girl, nor did he set the house on fire. He protests he loved her too dearly. And besides, why should he wish to burn the shop down, as he made his living there? The last time he had seen the child she was going out for a walk with her father. He had seen them lock the door of the house and start away hand in hand. How, then, asks the magistrate, could the child have got back in the house, if the door was locked? The boy replies, it was very simple. One of the low windows on the ground floor had a broken clamp, and it was the little girl's habit to raise the window and crawl in, for when the door was shut she was not tall enough to reach the handle.

Then *John Ahrendt* is called. He is a tall man dressed in mourning, utterly unlike his half-witted brother, and yet bearing certain family resemblances. He is stolid and sullen and seemingly bowed down with grief. He and the child had

gone for a walk, he said. He was carrying a box of cigars to his father-in-law, and he had his walking-stick in his hand as well as the key. The child asked to be allowed to carry the key and he gave it to her. Before they reached his father-in-law's house, the child declared that she was tired and didn't want to go to her grandfather's. She left him, saying she was going back to play in the garden. That was the last time he had ever seen her. The asthmatic village policeman is next called, a huge man, at least a foot and a half taller than any of the other witnesses. He testifies briefly that traces of paraffine had been found in the ruins of the house, and the key had also been discovered, close beside the child's little body. Then comes the paralyzed old father-in-law. What did *John Ahrendt* bring him on that Sunday afternoon. A box of cigars? No, why should he bring him a box of cigars? He did not smoke. He brought him nothing. *Ahrendt* came to see him only when he wanted to borrow money. The grocery-man is the next witness. In a low-comedy manner, which sets the house in a roar of laughter, he tells his story to the *Justice*. He had not sold any paraffine to *Ahrendt* on Saturday afternoon; no, never; but growing confidential he adds that early on Sunday morning the little child had come over with a message from her father who asked to be loaned a gallon of paraffine. The father came over and carried the oil to the house. Two other

DeVries as *Patten.*

DeVries as *Post.*

DeVries as *Thomas Blanket.*

DeVries as *Bik.*

DeVries as *John Ahrendt.*

DeVries as *Ansing Ahrendt.*

witnesses follow, each of whom confirms the *Justice's* suspicions that *Ahrendt* is the culprit.

Then *Ahrendt* is recalled. Under the *Justice's* fierce cross-examination he begins to grow nervous. The sweat stands out on his brow in great beads. He stammers, stutters, and finally as the *Justice* nails lie after lie against him, he suddenly cries: "Judge, if I did do it, for God's sake promise me one thing. Send me to prison for life at once, so that I may never again have to look into my wife's accusing eyes." "Hold this man," says the judge to the attendant, and as *John Ahrendt* passes out of one door, the idiot boy almost instantly enters at the other. The judge is very gentle to him now. He tells him that he is free, that he knows now that he had no connection with the crime. "But my brother, sir," cries the idiot boy, "can't he come home with me?" "No," says the judge, as he pats him sympathetically on the shoulder. "He will have to stand his trial."

No words can describe the infinite pathos which Mr. DeVries throws into this character of the half-witted brother, nor on the other hand could anything be finer in the line of character study than the distraught manner in which the same actor depicts the gradual breaking down of the real criminal. Many "lightning-change artists" have shown almost as instaneous alterations of makeup as Mr. DeVries does, but the remarkable, in fact the marvellous part of this performance, is the way in which he makes each of these seven characters live.

Mr. DeVries' performance is preceded by a three-act farce called "The Braisley Diamond." It serves the purpose of filling out the evening, but that is about all that can be said in its favor.

At the Criterion just now there is a reign not only of Barrie, but of Barrymores. The three children of Maurice and Georgie Drew Barrymore are now appearing there in two plays from the pen of the Scotch dramatist, J. M. Barrie, "Pantaloon" and "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire." "Pantaloon," the opening piece, is a very pathetic little play which shows the regulation English pantomime celebrities, *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Pantaloon* and the *Clown* in private life. Each play, singularly enough, has the same keynote. "Pantaloon" shows the pathos of the old clown, realizing that his usefulness is ended as a pantomimist, and that he must make way for younger players, while the principal play of the evening derives its pathetic note from a woman's realization that her youth is ended.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALL, NEW YORK

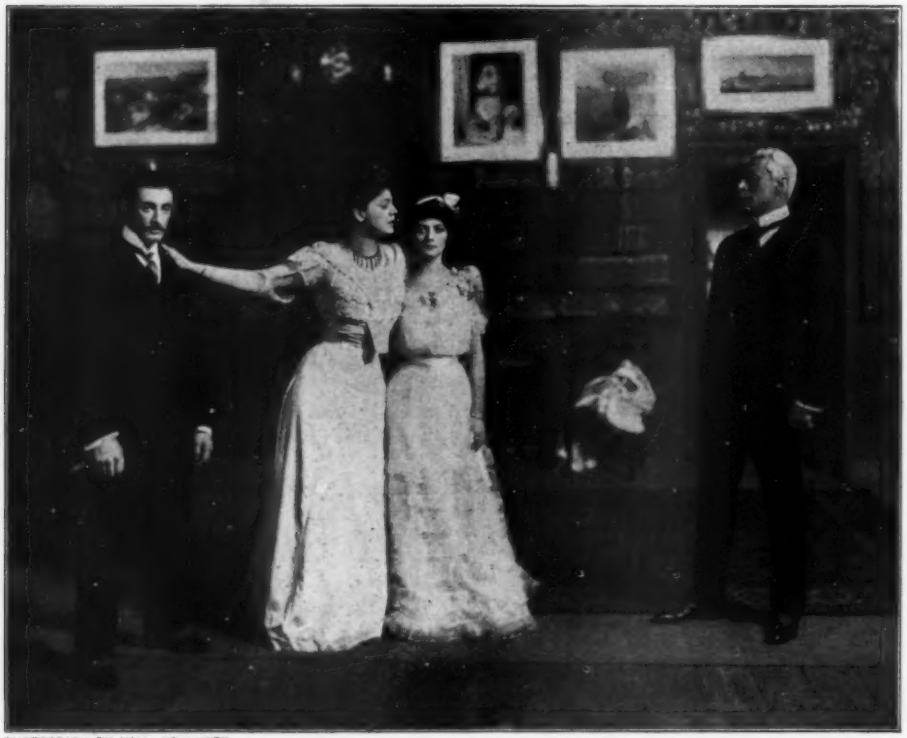
A scene from "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."

PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR McINTOSH, NEW YORK

Miss Ethel Barrymore.

In this country a great deal of "Pantaloon" is practically unintelligible to the average audience, owing to the fact that pantomime, in its traditional and accepted form, is not nearly as well known here as it is in England. In the other play, however, the great point of interest is the fact that Miss Ethel Barrymore, a woman of 26, is cast to play the role of a woman of 45, the part which was originally played in England by Miss Ellen Terry. Miss Barrymore sacrifices her looks heroically to meet this occasion. She looks quite 32 at her oldest moments, but it is rather a strain on the imagination to imagine her as the mother of a sixteen-year-old daughter.

This young girl, *Amy*, is by far the best character in the play. She and her young girl friend have just finished a round of the theatres. They have seen no less than five plays in six days, and as the scene opens they are assuring themselves that they now have a thorough knowledge of real life. *Amy* and her younger brother *Cosmo* and the baby have been left at home in England while *Colonel Gray* and his wife are on duty in India. The *Grays* return, and among the old friends



PHOTOGRAPH BY HALL, NEW YORK

Scene from "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALL, NEW YORK

Scene from "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."

who come to greet them on the day of their arrival is young *Stephen Rollo*, a youth in the early twenties, whom *Mrs. Gray* kisses affectionately and informs that she is going to run 'round to his rooms and see him in the evening. Of course *Mrs. Gray* means that her husband is going with her, but *Amy*, fresh from her round of problem plays, does not understand that. She only has seen that kiss, and she wonders. Her mother, she feels sure, is about to keep an assignation with this strange young man. There must be incriminating letters involved, she feels sure, because in the plays there always are letters. She must get hold of them and save her mother at any cost.

In the second act, to the amazement of young *Rollo*, who has never met her, *Amy*, clad in her mother's opera cloak, with long white gloves, suddenly walks into his room. Before she can explain herself, she hears her mother's voice on the stairs, and hurriedly rushes into the china closet. The edge of the white

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALL, NEW YORK

Lionel Barrymore as *"Pantaloon."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALLEN, NEW YORK

Miss Rebecca Warren and Guy Standing in "Grierson's Way."

opera cloak gets caught in the door, and as *Mrs. Gray*, after explaining that her husband is going to follow her in a very few minutes, walks about the room, the end of the telltale garment meets her eye. The nervousness of the young man confirms her suspicions, and while his back is turned she hurriedly opens the door and looks inside. The sight of her own daughter almost flabbergasts her. But she rallies quickly, and closes the door again, just as her husband enters the room. The rest of the scene is a very clever but intricate complication. The husband is tired and wants to hurry on home, but his wife holds him there on every possible pretext until a chance comes for *Amy* to slip unseen out of the room. Then young *Rollo* is asked to follow them over to their own house, to give the necessary explanation. Finally *Mrs. Gray*, after an interview with the child, realizes the true situation. The joke is too good to keep. She confides it to both her husband and *Rollo*, and they all decide that the best thing to do is to keep up the illusion and allow *Amy* to imagine that she has really saved her mother's honor. The play ends by *Amy* coming down stairs in her nightie and joining her father's and mother's hands together, just as the infant phenomenon always does in the play.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT & BACON, PHILADELPHIA

Lionel Barrymore.

Mrs. Gray realizes that her day as a beauty is over. She must make way for the young daughter, and in a very beautiful speech in which she talks to her mirror, she declares that from hence forth she will merely be "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire."

This speech of Mr. Barrie's is one of the most beautiful bits of poetry that any playwright has written in recent years. It loses something of its pathos as performed by Miss Barrymore, from the fact that the audience is unable to realize that she really is 45. But at the same time Miss Barrymore must be credited with an extremely clever and graceful performance. First honors, however, go to Miss Beatrice Agnew, for her really delightful performance of the girl, *Amy*, and young Jack Barrymore, who is fast coming to the front as an ideal young leading man, scored a real hit in the role of *Stephen Rollo*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALLEN, NEW YORK

Miss Rebecca Warren and Henry Miller in "Grierson's Way."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK

Jack Barrymore.

"Grierson's Way," a drama by H. V. Esmond, brought Henry Miller forward once more as a star at the Princess. The play has some admirable characterizations and one or two very powerful scenes. But its essentially Ibsen tone is very likely to prevent its becoming a permanent success. *Grierson* is an old bachelor, who marries a young girl in order to save her from disgrace.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALLEN, NEW YORK

Scene from "Grierson's Way."

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALLEN, NEW YORK

Henry Miller and Henry Woodruff in "Grierson's Way."

Her real lover, a young English captain, has been sent to India in a hurry. *Grierson* takes her abroad for a couple of years, and on their return passes as the father of her little child. The army man returns a widower, eager to marry the only girl he has really loved. He finds the girl, *Pamela*, burning up his letters, not one of which has she ever opened. She tells him that she is married and bids him leave her in peace. A young crippled violinist, who also loves *Pamela*, overhears this interview, and going to old *Grierson* tells him that the only way he can be of use to his young wife now is by killing himself. He hands him a bottle of poison, and *Grierson*, taking it, goes out and swallows it in the adjoining room. *Pamela* finds his dead body just as *Captain Murray* returns to see her again. The curtain falls as she turns away from him, calling hysterically upon the dead man. Besides Mr. Miller, Guy Standing, Henry Woodruff and Miss Rebecca Warren did admirable work in this production.